Ch. Room

MAY 1930 35 CENTS

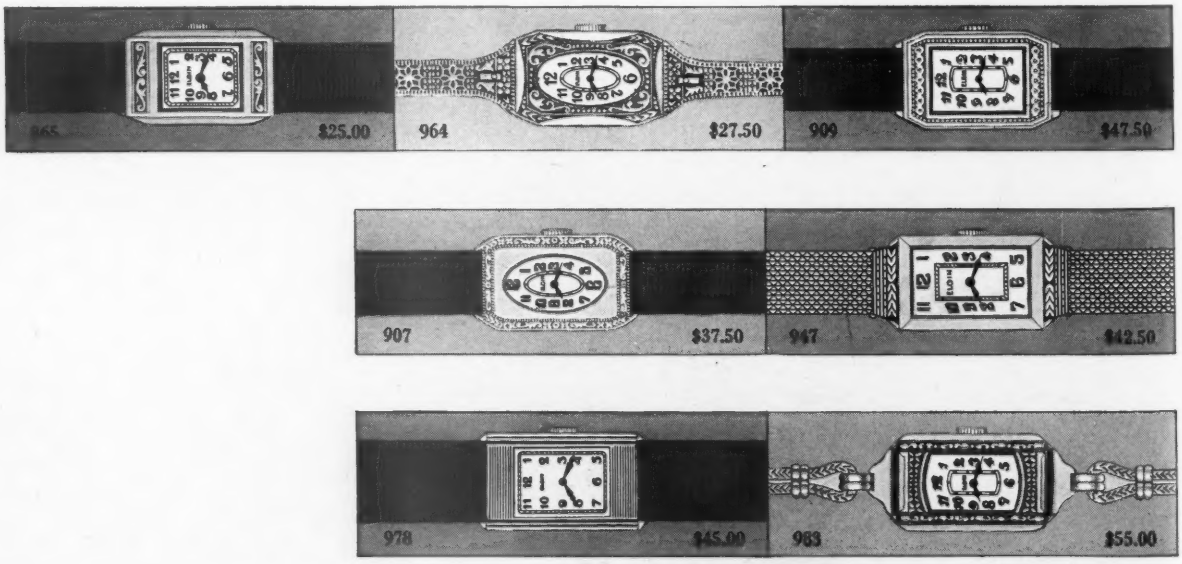
CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

How to make Daddy a MAGICIAN

IF WE told you that Daddy could buy one watch and actually give two watches away as presents . . . one to your Mummy and one to you . . . you'd say that it sounded like magic. » » It does sound magical . . . but it's really very simple. » » For if Daddy buys Mummy a nice new Elgin, Mummy will, no doubt, give the watch she is wearing to you. So Daddy buys only one watch . . . and gives two. » » So . . . why not make a magician out of Daddy? Why not tell him the idea . . . and show him this pageful of beautiful Elgins? Surely in this display is just the watch Mummy would love to have. And then Mummy's watch will be on your wrist . . . and . . . won't that be rather nice?



ELGIN WATCHES

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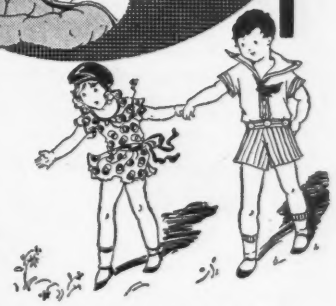

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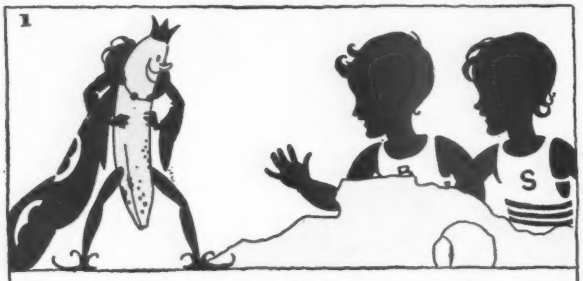

"How do you do," said Good King Banana, beaming on Bob and Shirley. "Oh, Good King Banana," said Shirley and Bob in chorus, "we're building a sand fort with tunnels 'n' everything."

"Fine," replied the King. "But it's hungry work, isn't it?" "I'm nearly starved!" said Bob. "Dear, dear," said Good King Banana. "I must fix that—ah, there's your mother now."

"Madam," said Good King Banana, bowing grandly to her. "Give these children some of the bananas you have there. Splendid! They're yellow ripe! And ripe bananas give pep and energy and..."

"I know," smiled their mother. "We're never without bananas. That's one reason Bob and Shirley are always well. Now we'll have luncheon and the children may each have a banana."

"Hurray!" said Good King Banana. "That's the idea. Bananas are yummy. Easily digested, too—just the thing for young folks." "Hurray!" cried Bob and Shirley, and they each took a banana.

"Well, good-by," said Good King Banana, kissing his hand to Shirley. "I'm glad that you know all about the goodness of bananas." "Yes," said Shirley proudly. "We eat them every day."

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

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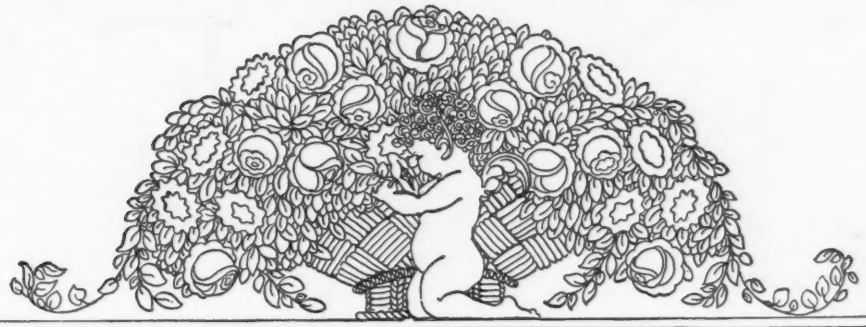

Volume IX
Number V

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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MONTHLY

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H. B. CLOW - - - - - President
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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street
CHICAGO

ANDREW MCNALLY - - - Secretary
GUSTAV HESSERT - - Treasurer

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559 Mission Street
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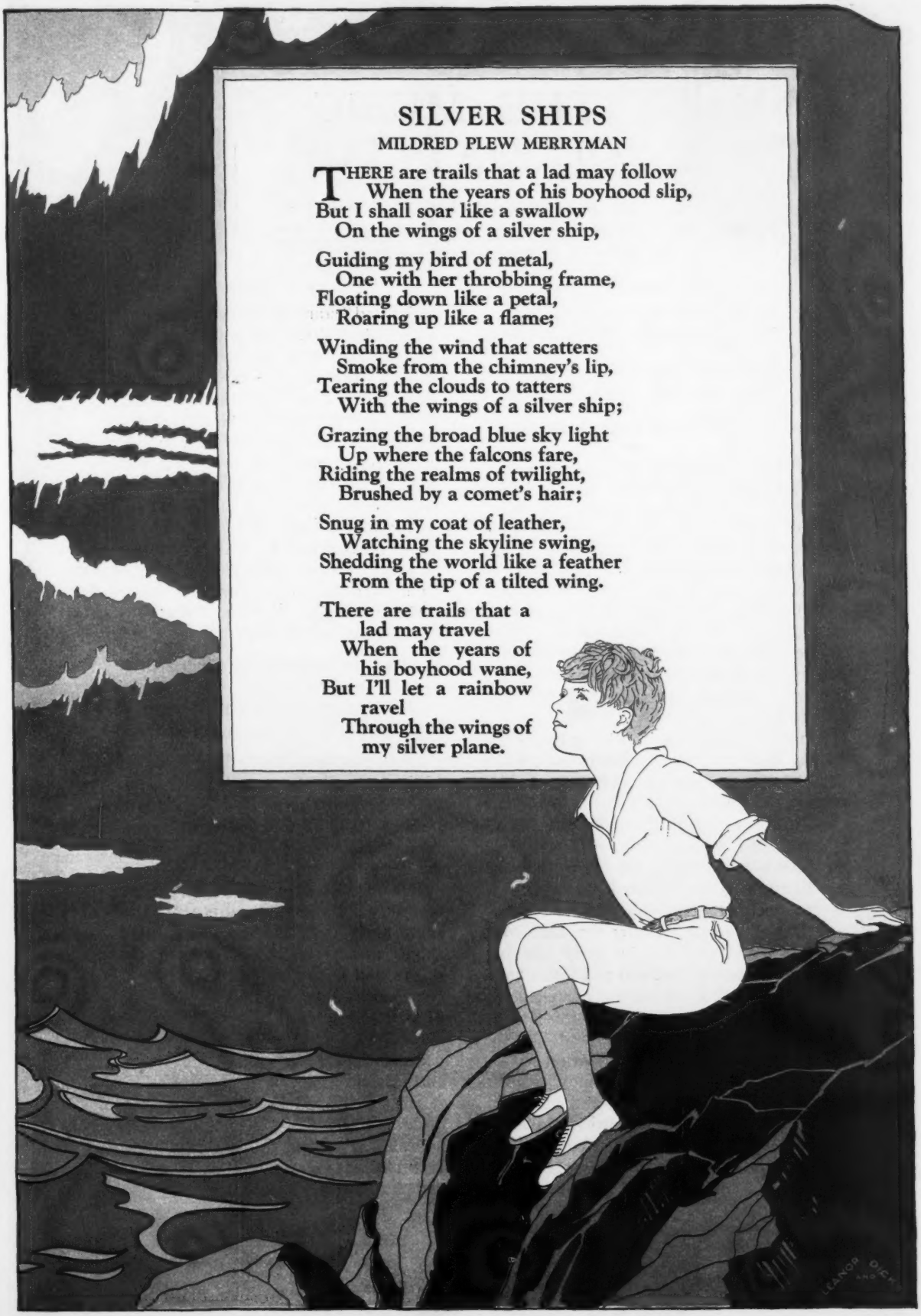
THE QUEENS' DANCE

LITTLE Miss May meekly marched in to-day
A-leading her line of queens,
And April looked back from her blossomy track
To see "what such royalty means."

Each queen waved her hand so she'd understand
That their dance in the gardens for hours
Was because they all knew April's wish would come true,
For plenty of Mother's Day flowers.

Rose Maldo Editor



SILVER SHIPS

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

THERE are trails that a lad may follow
When the years of his boyhood slip,
But I shall soar like a swallow
On the wings of a silver ship,

Guiding my bird of metal,
One with her throbbing frame,
Floating down like a petal,
Roaring up like a flame;

Winding the wind that scatters
Smoke from the chimney's lip,
Tearing the clouds to tatters
With the wings of a silver ship;

Grazing the broad blue sky light
Up where the falcons fare,
Riding the realms of twilight,
Brushed by a comet's hair;

Snug in my coat of leather,
Watching the skyline swing,
Shedding the world like a feather
From the tip of a tilted wing.

There are trails that a lad may travel
When the years of his boyhood wane,
But I'll let a rainbow ravel
Through the wings of my silver plane.

THE MUSIC OF MAYTIME

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians. Late of Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.

LUCY LARCOM.

Attention, children of the North Temperate Zone! The longest, best and most beautiful festival of song ever broadcast will be on the air every hour of every day during this musical month of May.

Tune in any and every day in May, from four-thirty a.m. to eight p.m. on Station WFM (Woods, Fields and Marshes) owned and directed by our good friend, Dame Nature, who always rewards those who love her and her children with gold bonds bearing generous interest in beauty, health and happiness.

Music festivals produced by men are the best of their kind in December, but no festival of song or symphony ever presented by human beings can hold a candle to Mother Nature's musical program for the thirty-one days of May.

Let's tune in on our new, magical instrument, the Television, which, if connected to our radio, permits us to see as well as hear. Better yet, take your eyes and ears out for early morning exercise and joy, and you won't have to tune in on anything but station HHH (Health, Harmony, Happiness) and luckily that station is located in your own head and heart, so it's always available.

Just before "Old Sol in glory rises" the "Bully Bullfrog Band" starts croaking its marsh madrigals. You may not think the bassoon-like calls of these swamp-singers very musical but I do, and anyway, they are only the announcers of the day's program. However, when all the talented frogs join their voices in song—such a sad song as "When a Pike suns himself and a-frogging doth go," it sounds like a frog fugue, and is no laughing matter for the frogs. With the rush of birds' wings beating the air, with a far-flung gust of watery warbles from garden and thicket, from woodland and meadow enter the orchestra chorus and the "star" soloists of this Maytime festival.

"The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying spring."

How our own poet, Longfellow, loved birds and all the members of Nature's orchestra and chorus, and it is this sympathy with all life and beauty which makes him so beloved by American boys and girls!

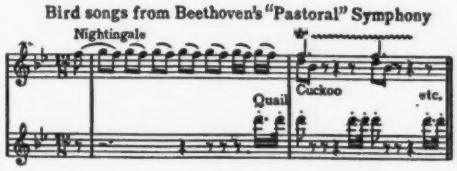
But we must listen to the Lake-Lagoon orchestra. Its members are water and shore birds, such as the gulls, herons, snipe, ducks, geese, killdeer, sandpipers and even mud-hens, all welcome music-makers and story-tellers of lake and marsh life.

Perhaps it's because I am an enthusiastic fisherman that this marine bird-music appeals so much. It's rather jazzy and picturesque,

entertaining the lone (but not lonely) adventurer with high quacks and low squawks. These water-singers whistle and scream like temperamental opera "stars"; they tell bedtime stories, too. Their high cry of "Pee-weet, weet" is surely two octaves above Madame Galli-Curci's top note. Then sounds the loon his eerie cry, and Mother Goose (or perhaps, Father Goose) honks his traffic horn—it sounds like a bass saxaphone in the "Blue Goose Blues"—but it's music to the lover of forest, field and stream, and to me it is Dame Nature's Pastoral Symphony.

The immortal Beethoven loved the countryside, especially the bird festivals of May and in his beautiful "Pastoral" Symphony, (which is splendidly reproduced through phonograph records) he imitates the songs of the nightingale, the quail and the cuckoo.

Bird songs from Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony



But now the sun is up and the big concert is on! Rushing in on wings of song, orchestras, choruses, ensembles of stringed and wind instruments, duets and solos bring us the very spirit of merry Maytime.

The bobolink sings, "Spink, spank, spink"—so thinks our American poet, Bryant, who calls him "Robert of Lincoln"—and he finishes his solos with a flourish (called a cadenza by composers) which together with his good looks make him a bird to be admired.

"Robert of Lincoln
is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright
black wedding-
coat;
White are his
shoulders and
white his crest."

Listen to the meadow larks, too! Their little tune is always three downward, slurred tones.

Two great writers —William Shakespeare and Franz Schubert—have united in a most beautiful tribute to the English lark, which you should know both as a poem and as a song. Shakespeare's verses commence:

"Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins to rise;
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies!"

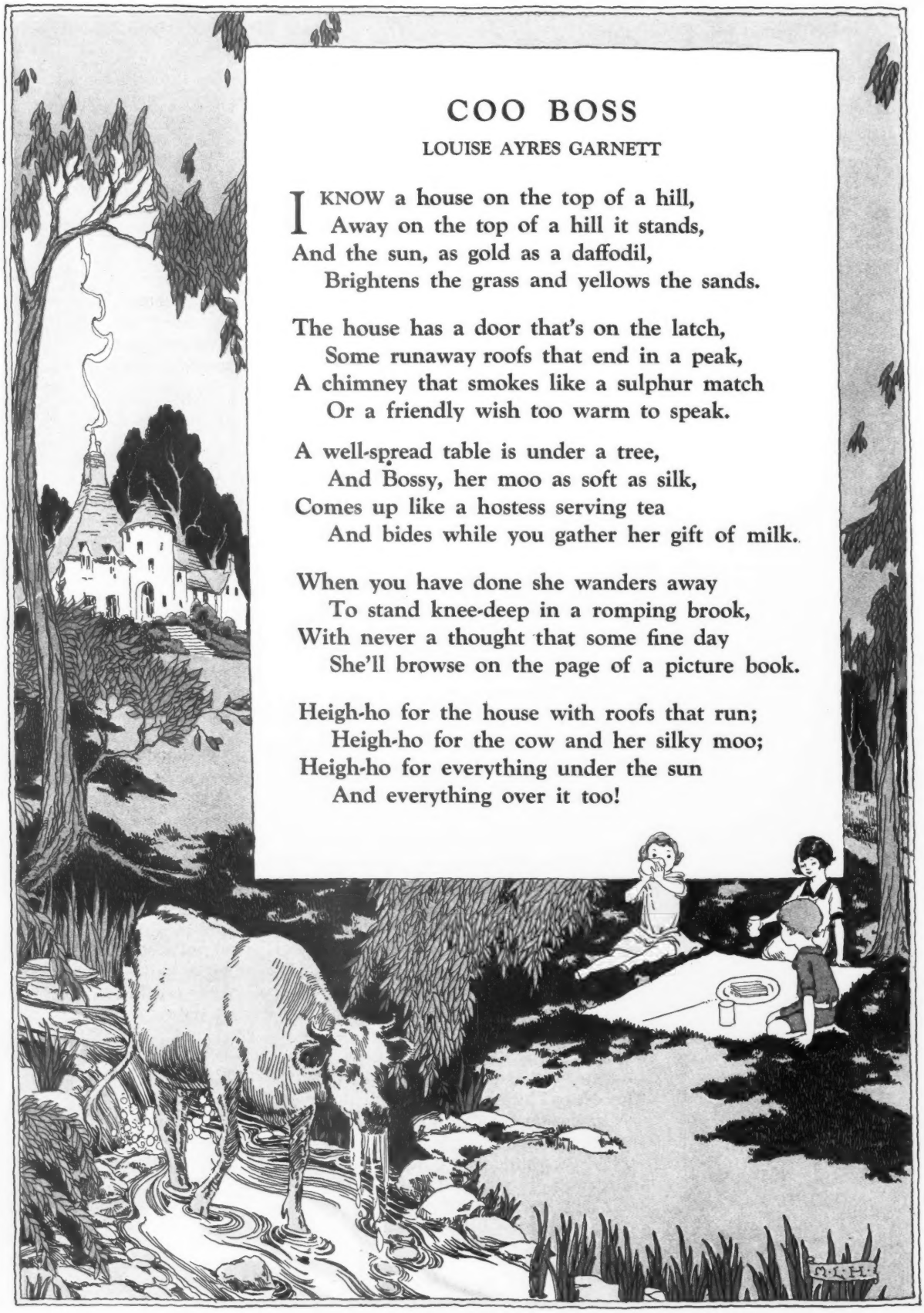
There are so many feathered soloists in both the visible and invisible outdoor choirs that station WFM is permitting us to hear, that truly and honestly I don't know which one to write about. Fortunately, birds and little children sing for the pure joy of singing, or as good Saint Francis would say, "They sing to praise God, their Maker," so no one will be offended if he is left out of this story of Maytime.

Don't overlook the little wood-warblers, representatives of quite a large and musical family. They are singing higher tones than instruments in our symphony orchestras, even the piccolo, can sound. I counted ten species of wood-warblers one May morning and you can do the same if you learn to see birds with what one may call the "photographic eye."

Now the west wind brings us the song of the "veery." This prominent artist in countryside choirs is of the thrush family and is often called "Wilson's thrush."

His song might be well represented by repeated curved lines. If you drag one finger up and down over the piano keys, the method and effect are

[Continued on page 243]



COO BOSS

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I KNOW a house on the top of a hill,
Away on the top of a hill it stands,
And the sun, as gold as a daffodil,
Brightens the grass and yellows the sands.

The house has a door that's on the latch,
Some runaway roofs that end in a peak,
A chimney that smokes like a sulphur match
Or a friendly wish too warm to speak.

A well-spread table is under a tree,
And Bossy, her moo as soft as silk,
Comes up like a hostess serving tea
And bides while you gather her gift of milk.

When you have done she wanders away
To stand knee-deep in a romping brook,
With never a thought that some fine day
She'll browse on the page of a picture book.

Heigh-ho for the house with roofs that run;
Heigh-ho for the cow and her silky moo;
Heigh-ho for everything under the sun
And everything over it too!

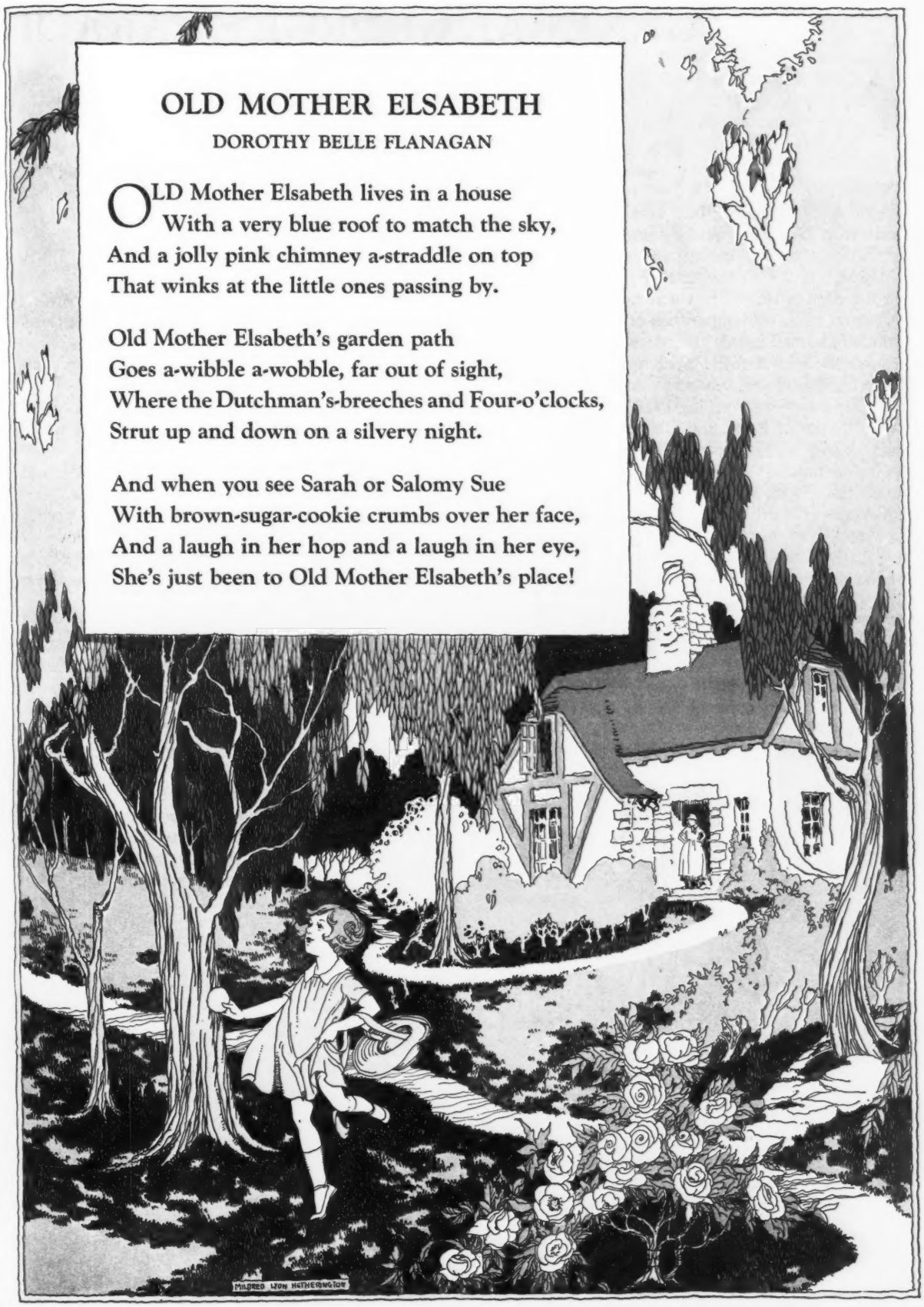
OLD MOTHER ELSABETH

DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

OLD Mother Elsabeth lives in a house
With a very blue roof to match the sky,
And a jolly pink chimney a-straddle on top
That winks at the little ones passing by.

Old Mother Elsabeth's garden path
Goes a-wibble a-wobble, far out of sight,
Where the Dutchman's-breeches and Four-o'clocks,
Strut up and down on a silvery night.

And when you see Sarah or Salomy Sue
With brown-sugar-cookie crumbs over her face,
And a laugh in her hop and a laugh in her eye,
She's just been to Old Mother Elsabeth's place!



GENERAL GEORGE'S PARADE

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of "*Betty Wales*" *series, the* "*Nancy Lee*" *series,* "*The Holiday Book,*" etc.

GEORGE W. JONES wasn't late to school on a certain bright May morning, but nearly everybody else seemed to be early. As he came up the street, he could see that the playground was crowded with children. A few of the smaller ones were standing on the edge of things, just watching, but the bigger boys and girls, contemporaries of George W. Jones, were all huddled in two groups: a small, complacent one, headed by Punk Hayes and Charlie Towne, and a big, angry one, headed by nobody in particular. The big crowd was yelling shrill, derisive remarks at the forces of Punk and Charlie.

Punk saw George first. "Hey, General George!" he hailed him. "You've sure got an ancestor that fought in a war, now haven't you?"

George grinned his wide, engaging smile. "I 'spose so," he admitted cheerfully. "'Course I'm not really related to old General G. W., but somewheres between me and Adam, with all the wars they uster have—"

"Shucks!" Charlie Towne interrupted. "We're talking about American wars. I've got lots of soldiers in my family. My grandfather was in the Civil War, and my great-great-great and a great-great-great uncle commanded in the Revolution, and my dad—"

"Aw, you've told us all that twice before!" shrieked black-eyed Patsy Carmody from the opposite camp. "Say, G. W., I got an elegant big drum. My father used to play it in the Connemara band, when we lived in Ireland. Shouldn't I be in the parade?"

"And I got an accordion," chimed in Joe Ludosi, "so shouldn't I be in it, George?"

"Oh, wait a minute, can't you?" expostulated Alicia Mary Thompson, who was standing beside Punk. "He doesn't even know there is a parade, so how can he decide who's to march? Now listen, George. It's for Memorial Day, and—"

"Wait! He's gotta tell first about his ancestor," insisted Charlie Towne, "so we'll know where he belongs."

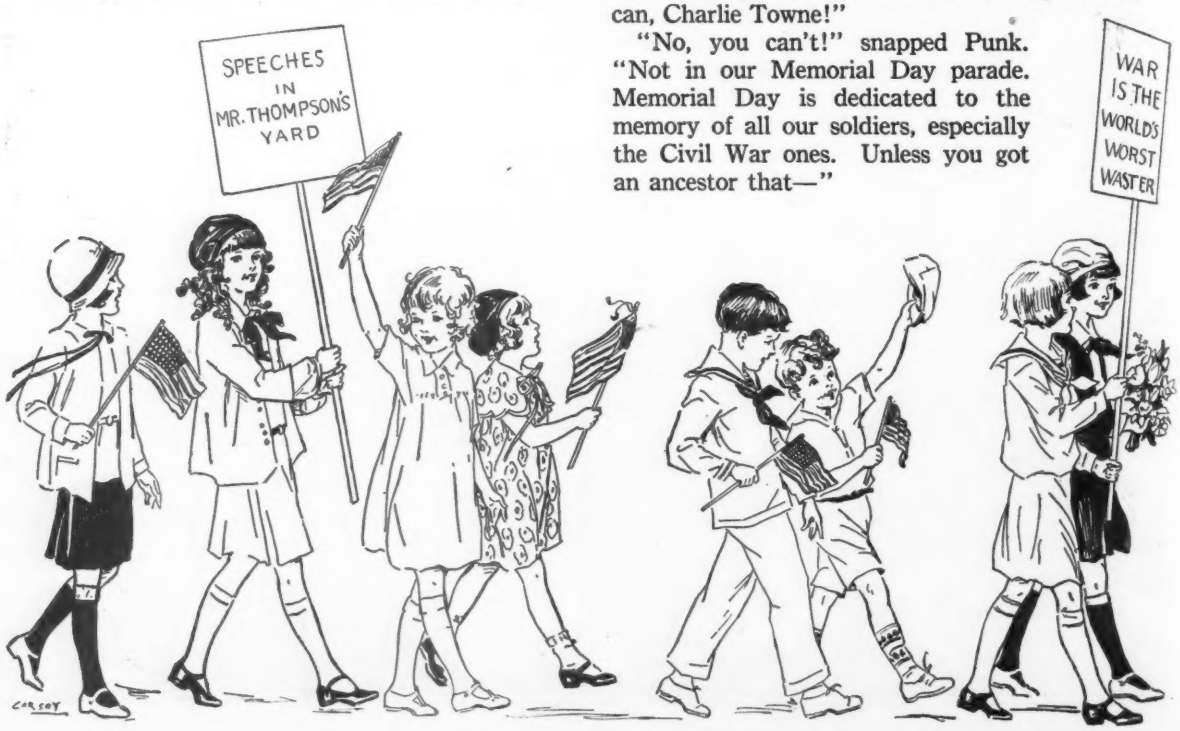
Alicia Mary glared, then shrugged and let Charlie have it his way—because he would anyhow.

"I don't know anything about my great-greats," explained George slowly. "I don't believe my Grandfather Jones was in a war. He never said so. And my Grandfather Gray died when he was very young."

"Well, but wasn't your dad in the Great War?" demanded Punk Hayes impatiently.

"No," returned George. "He wanted to be bad enough, but the doctors wouldn't take him. He tried twice and he's just as patriotic as anybody's father," added George hotly, "so I guess I can march in a patriotic parade exactly as good as you can, Charlie Towne!"

"No, you can't!" snapped Punk. "Not in our Memorial Day parade. Memorial Day is dedicated to the memory of all our soldiers, especially the Civil War ones. Unless you got an ancestor that—"



"Ding dong!" clanged the last bell.

"Wheee-ee!" shrilled a teacher's whistle.

Alicia Mary Thompson wriggled into line behind George W. Jones. "That Charlie Towne!" she muttered in George's ear. "He'll have a parade as long as—as bobbed hair, and as noisy as a class in school. You fix it up, George, so we can all have a swell-elegant time together and make a big noise with Patsy's drum."

"All right," George promised her glibly. "That's easy. We'll let Patsy's crowd have—" George stopped. If the outsiders had the parade and froze out Charlie and Punk and the others who had military ancestors, where would that leave Alicia Mary? Besides, maybe that way of managing was too easy. It didn't settle the quarrel; it would just make Punk and Charlie and those on their side as mad as Patsy and Joe were now. "Think about it and let you know," George informed Alicia Mary diplomatically.

"Say, Punk," George attacked the problem at recess, "don't you see it will be lots more fun to have everybody march? You fellows can make a sign that says 'Sons of Veterans' and you and Charlie and the rest that know for sure about their soldiers can march ahead together with that. But gee, Punk—"

"See here, we're getting sick of having you boss us all the time," retorted Punk crossly. "The grown-up men don't march on Memorial Day unless they belong in the parade, and you boys can't either. So don't you go trying to have us make a treaty about it and vote in outsiders."

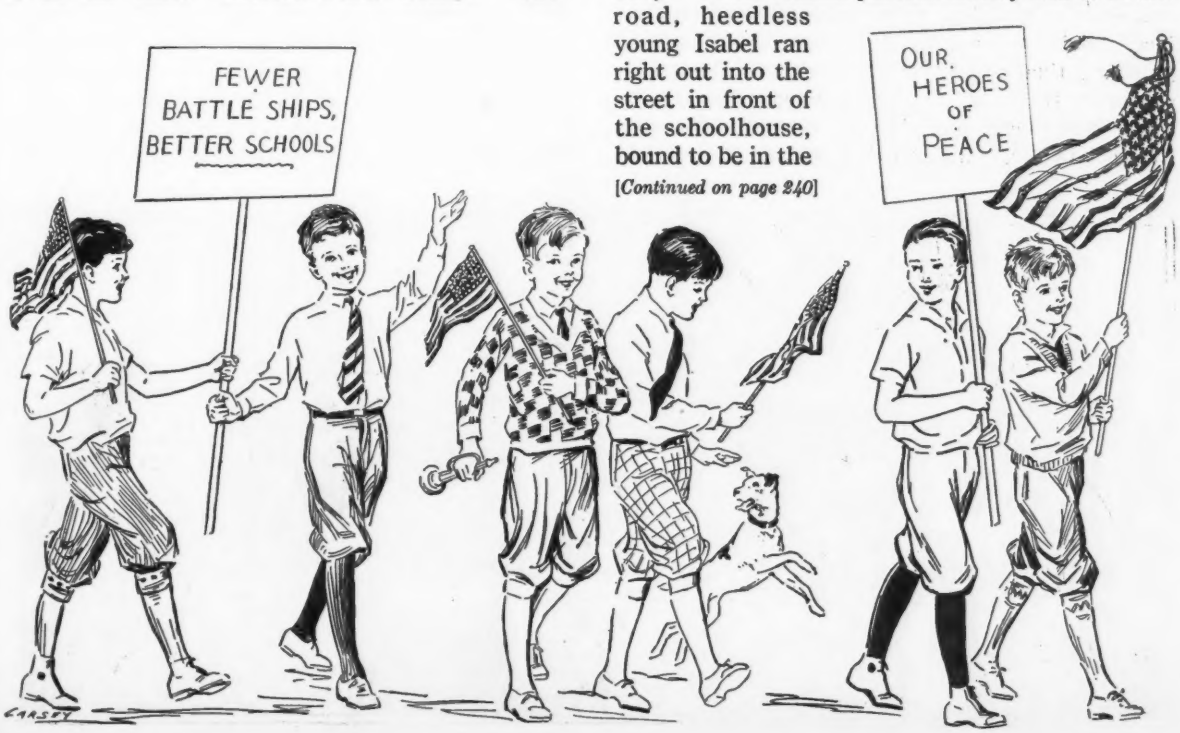
George W. Jones wasn't a fighter, so, though Punk was a "sawed-off" like himself and enough overweight to be clumsy and easily knocked down, George didn't administer the punch that lots of fellows would have thought Punk's bad-tempered remarks richly deserved. Instead he walked off a little way and then stood, unsmiling and thoughtful, staring out across the playground, trying to figure out a plan that would work—that would make everybody friends again as they had been all winter.

Alicia Mary was playing with the little children. They were always hanging around her, begging her to "Come start a game." To-day they wanted a parade, like the big girls and boys, only they didn't know how you had one.

"Of course, you can have a parade," George heard Alicia Mary reassuring them. "You can practice marching right now, if you want to."

Charlie Towne's little sister Isabel danced on one foot in her excitement. She knew lots and lots about parades. "Oh, yes, let's practice now!" she shrilled in her high, sweet treble. "Come on, everybody!" And because parades usually march on the road, heedless young Isabel ran right out into the street in front of the schoolhouse, bound to be in the

[*Continued on page 240*]



MOTHER'S DAY GARDEN

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

BETSY was preparing supper, just as Mother had told her to do. She was flying about so earnestly that her cheeks were like the pinkest rose.

Mother had said, "Poach five eggs very carefully, being sure that the water is not boiling too hard. Place each egg on a nicely browned slice of buttered toast. Do not forget your glasses of milk, or the dish of lettuce. You may open a jar of cherries, and put on a plate of cookies. And, oh, Betsy darling, be sure you do not slice your fingers when you cut the bread."

There, it was ready—exactly as Mother had said. It was a nice supper, with Wallace at the head of the table, Betsy at the foot and Bobby, dimpled Florabel, and little Arthur grouped in between.

And yet something was wrong with that meal. It couldn't have been the eggs, for they were like little gold balls on smooth mountains of snow; nor the cherries, for they were deliciously plump and sirupy. So, of course, it must have been that Mother was gone. They missed her gay smile, and her jokes, and the warm, comfortable feeling it always gave them just to know that she was there.

Mother worked in an art shop, and had been obliged to go to the city that morning for two days' buying. The children had assured her over and over again that they could manage without her. Each had managed a smile, as he waved good-by; then each little heart had sunk—kerplunk—leaving the emptiest, all-gone feeling! For the family had moved into this new neighborhood only the week before, and as yet they were not acquainted with even one neighbor.

This Friday evening at the supper table they fell to talking of Mother's Day, and it was high time, for it was day after to-morrow, and Mother was coming home Sunday morning. They could not decide just what to do, and it *was* a problem, too, when they had just a few pennies and nickles and dimes, and the sort of mother who deserved garlands of roses.

The children knew, whatever they did, it must have something to do with flowers. Mother loved growing things, and there wasn't even the tiniest posy in this new yard.

Betsy voted for a blooming plant to put in the center of the dining table.

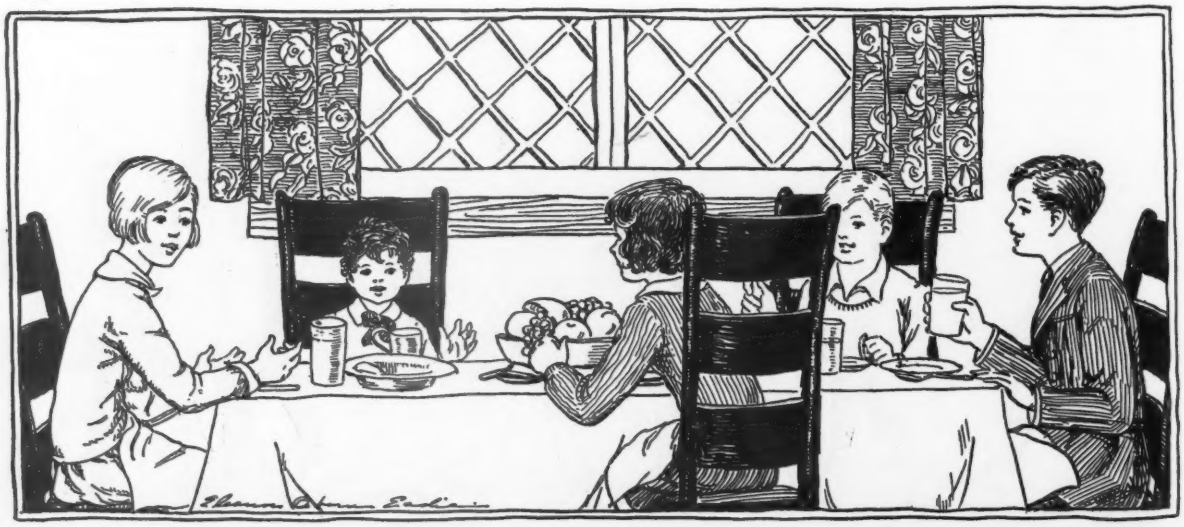
Wallace wanted to plant something in the yard, right by the front door.

Betsy objected. "That would be all right, if the yard was pretty like the one we moved from. But this grubby yard makes Mother sick when she looks at it. I heard her say so."

Wallace argued, "My writing lesson to-day said, 'One ray of sunshine makes a dark day bright,' and if that's so, can't one blooming plant make the yard a dandy sight?" He gave his speech with many wild gestures, and they all laughed. But Betsy was not convinced.

"That may be so, but I don't like to stick a pretty plant alone in this ugly yard. It would be like putting a fresh ruffled dress on Florabel, if her face was soiled, and her hair all tangled."

"You could comb my hair, and wash my face and hands, couldn't you?" said Florabel. "If



Mother doesn't like the yard, why can't we fix it up? She said if we gathered the trash, and it was raked up and the weeds cut and the lawn mowed it would be all right. Wouldn't that be a nice Mother's Day gift? I would help."

"That's the stuff!" The children all crowded about Florabel, who was like a flower herself, and then made a run for the garden.

"We can do the dishes after dark," said Betsy.

You could hardly believe what a change five willing pairs of hands made in that grubby little yard before bedtime. All the rubbish had been gathered, the lawn partly raked, and hundreds of weeds pulled and hoed. Next morning everyone helped with the housework, and soon the five were buzzing about the garden like happy bees. Betsy was raking the lawn, Bobby and Arthur pulling weeds, Wallace mowing the grass, and Florabel, with a small spade, was trying to dig a flowerbed under the front window.

They were so busy that they did not notice the tall man who leaned over the fence and watched them.

"What's the great idea, with everyone working so hard?"

"We're planning a Mother's Day surprise. Our mother is away, and we are fixing up the yard for her," said Betsy.

"A splendid idea."

"We just moved in, and Mother said this yard is ugly. Where we lived before there was only a little yard, but every bit of it was flowers and lawn. Some one bought the place, then we moved here. Mother likes the house, and we want her to like the yard, too," Betsy said firmly.

"Our other yard had flowers," said Florabel. She was generally shy, but somehow she liked the twinkle in the tall man's eye. When Florrie said this he looked thoughtful.

"I don't blame your mother for not liking the yard," he said." "The truth is, I intended to have it all gone over before she moved in, but I got busy and forgot. So few people take care of a yard if you do fix it nice."

"Oh," said Wallace in a distressed tone, "do you own this place? We—we, we, well, we didn't mean to find fault."

"Nor did you find fault; you were just stating plain facts. Say, sister." He turned to Florabel. "I have a few minutes I can spare. Give me that shovel, and I will see what I can do with your garden."

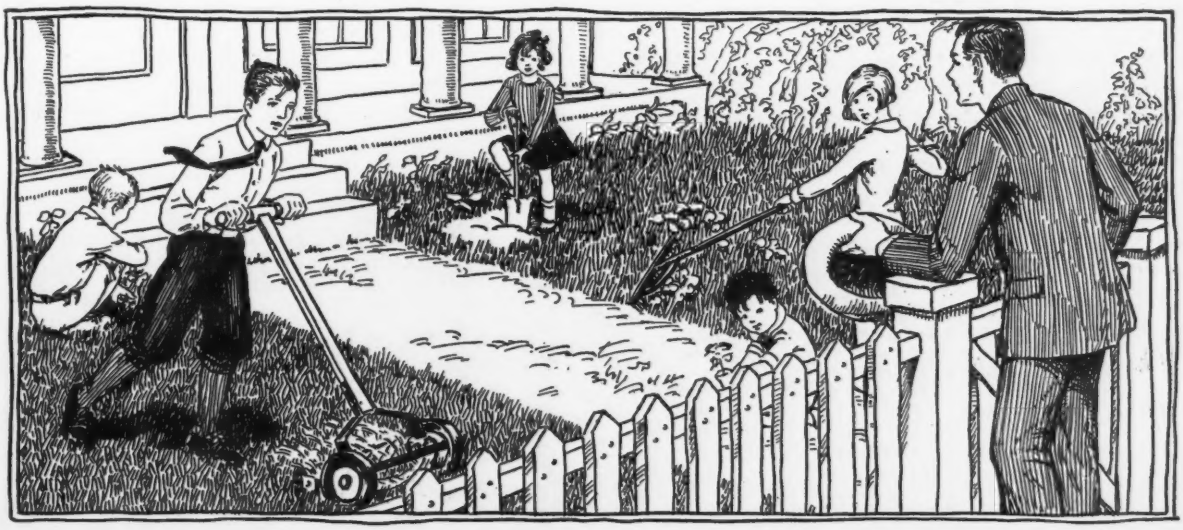
His strong arms made the earth fairly jump from the ground, and the two beds in the front of the house were soon filled with mellow, spaded earth. The tall man looked pleased.

"After lunch," he said, "I will send a man with a load of fertilizer to enrich these beds and to made some more at the sides of the house. Then, what shall we put in them?"

"We could buy some seeds," said Florabel eagerly, dancing first on one slender foot and then on the other. "We have some money."

"I think I know something better than that," he said. "Over on the other side of town I have a large place, where the owner recently moved away, leaving it for me to sell. The yard is running over with flowers, and they need thinning out. Now, I could easily bring some here, for I want good tenants for this place. It had been vacant two months when your mother moved it, and if she doesn't like the house and moves out, then where will I be?"

"Oh, she likes it. She likes the house better than the one we lived in before. [*Continued on page 238*]



CHIMNEYPORT

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Slim and his friends—Nick, Cupe, Bill, Andy and Tim—are disappointed when they learn that their town isn't likely to have a municipal airport, for two reasons. There aren't enough people willing to subscribe for shares of the stock and the only land level enough belongs to old Mr. Weatherbee who will not sell. Slim is eager for the boys to get haying jobs with Mr. Weatherbee, a man of hermit-like habits, so that they may earn money to buy a share of the stock and also because he is interested in having a closer view of the mysterious old chimney on his place. They are timid about approaching him, but when Slim saves the life of his dog, Bruno, who has been attacked by a porcupine, Mr. Weatherbee is so grateful that he gives them the jobs. He declares that he has left the huge chimney standing because it is his philosophy that if one saves a thing long enough a use will be found for it. Much to the others' surprise, Slim asks permission to spend the night in the chamber that forms the base of the chimney.

CHAPTER II

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June,
A da-ay in Ju-u-une?"

Slim chanted the song monotonously as he and the others made their brisk way toward the Weatherbee hayfield next morning. Ordinarily he would have been promptly squelched.

It was not a day in June. It was the second day of July. And his companions did not approve of the highbrow poet-songs he affected. They could have joined in on popular music. But to-day they were too peeved at Slim even to molest him.

For, in spite of all their arguments about hedgehog nests, difficulty of access, and the probably unsightly condition of the chimney above the chamber, Slim intended to spend the night there. He bore on his back the same equipment he had carried to Thimble Camp: an army blanket, with washbasin, mess kit, lantern, jackknife, and various food accessories!

"He'll last about ten minutes," was Bill's final prophecy. "Why, there probably isn't even a level floor—the way that chamber-roof arched. Imagine sleeping on a floor that humped itself in the middle!"

Mr. Weatherbee was waiting for them, his spare-ribbed horses harnessed to the mowing machine.

"I wasn't just sure as you'd come." He grinned shyly, as though long out of practice. "But I was a-hopin'. It beats all how talkin' with a few young ones like you puts spunk into an old fellow. I believe I'll be able to help you with the handwork around the edges, myself."

It was a perfect hay-day. The boys, except Cupe, took turns riding and guiding the old horses back and forth across the meadow, while the longer-armed Andy and Nick alternated in the seat of honor on the mowing machine. The hay was ready to turn almost as soon as it was cut.

With the scent of the fragrant grass in their nostrils, and the old man's frequent assurance that they were doing well, in their ears, the boys' disagreements with each other soon went the way of the dew. Slim sang, unmolested. Cupe could repair to the edge of the meadow frequently to regale himself with a sandwich. And even Bill, when he was found snoozing in the meager shade of his rake-handle, was not aroused until it was his turn on Ginger's back.

At noon old Mr. Weatherbee sat with them while they ate, and almost before they were aware of it, he was confessing his loneliness and poverty, the hopes and fears of his solitary future. The boys sympathized and returned to work with even greater vigor. Late afternoon brought a terrific thunder shower near, but not a drop fell where they were. At quitting time half the acreage had been mowed and was dotted with rows of neat haycocks.

As soon as he was free, Slim made across the meadow toward the Old Chimney, duffel on his back. The others followed, at a distance, not quite

so sure as they had been that the chimney would be a poor camping place. It did have a castle-like look about it.

But they let Slim do the first investigating. He walked around and around the outside. Several feet higher than his head, and placed at regular intervals around the chimney, were six round flue-openings, which had been fitted with dampers in the days when the furnace was in use. Entrance into the chimney must be made through one of these.

Slim promptly went about the business of making a rope ladder from the supplies he had brought with him. The boys watched, willing to jeer or praise, depending on the success of his venture.

"It isn't such a bad-looking ladder," Andy had to admit. "But how are you going to make it fast up there?"

Slim scratched his head almost too thoughtfully. He had been waiting for the question.

"I believe I'll have to climb up it," he said.

The boys howled with delight.

"That's the time we caught you napping, Slim! That's putting the cart before the horse! How can you climb up the ladder to make it fast, until you've made it fast?"

For reply, Slim drew forth a large hook, such as house-painters use, attached a rope, and with considerable ceremony and several misses, lassoed the firm brick frame of the flue. It was a simple matter then to substitute his ladder for the rope, climb up it, and, waving grandly to his audience, wriggle through the opening into the great chimney.

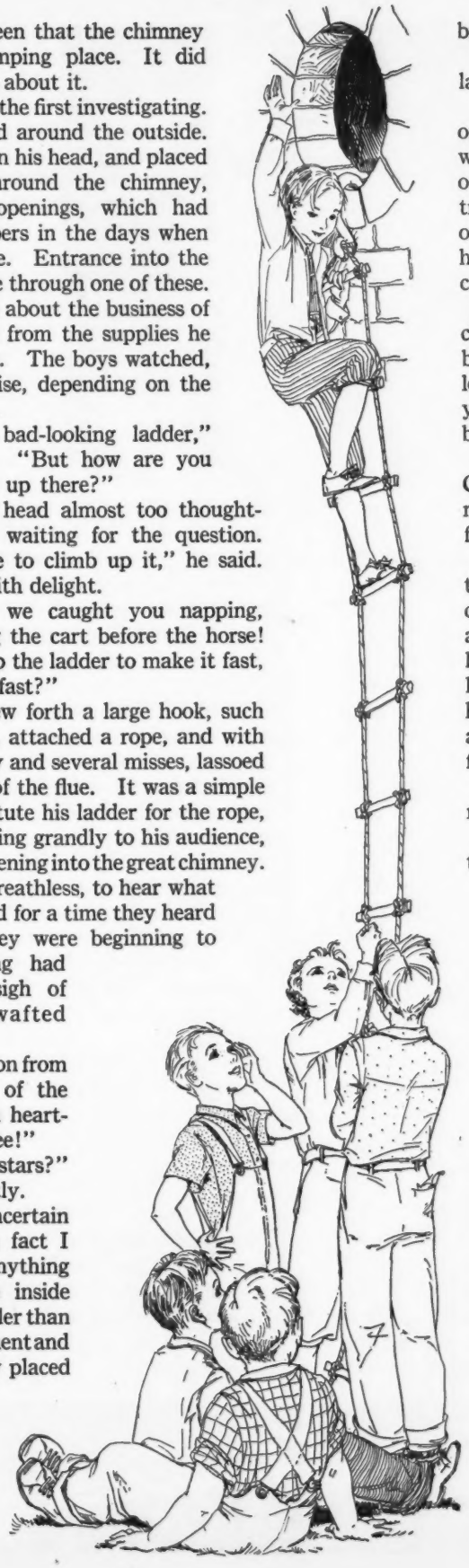
The boys waited, breathless, to hear what he might report. And for a time they heard nothing. Just as they were beginning to worry lest something had happened, a deep sigh of wonderment was wafted down to them.

It was not a quotation from Shakespeare or any of the poets. It was just a heartfelt, expressive, "Gee!"

"But can you see stars?" Tim asked impatiently.

"N-no," was the uncertain reply, "not yet. In fact I can't see much of anything yet. But from the inside this chimney looks taller than Washington's Monument and the Statue of Liberty placed end-to-end on the Himalaya Mountains. You don't suppose it is, do you?"

"No, I don't," Andy replied briefly. "I'm coming up."



"Welcome. Only don't bust my ladder."

One by one the boys mounted, till only Cupe was left behind. There were two reasons for his being left out of the fun. One was that he wouldn't trust himself on Slim's ladder; the other was that the flue-opening would have to be enlarged before he could crawl through it.

"Too bad, Cupe," Bill called down cheerfully. "We'll ask Mr. Weatherbee to-morrow if we can take down the left-hand side of the chimney. But you might practice going through a barn door first—"

The suggestion was lost, for already Cupe was well on his way across the meadow, his mind made up to a little fun of his own.

Slim's other guests looked about them, awe-struck as he had been. The chimney was, indeed, a darksome place, and the tiny disk of light at the top looked miles away. But there was little of the soot and litter that Nick had prophesied. Many years of wind and rain had cared for that. The floor arched.

"Just about enough to give it a modernistic look," Slim declared.

Really, it was quite a room, some twenty-five feet in diameter, and immeasurably high. And there was no lack of fresh air.

"You'll get a fine draught here all night," Bill remarked.

Bill was beginning to have some regrets that he wasn't going to be there himself. He called Andy to one side while the three others lay on their stomachs getting the view, each from his own porthole. There was that about the chimney; the romantic might think of it as a castle, the nautical-minded could become fairly seasick, what with the rise and fall of the floor, and the round ports, while adventurers might well feel that it was a dungeon-keep.

Andy was heartily in favor of Bill's hastily-whispered suggestion, and as soon as possible he informed Nick and Tim of it. The four made their departure, then, first passing Slim's blanket and lantern and other impedimenta up to him.

The boy went to work and soon had things quite homelike. For

supper he frizzled some bacon in his mess kit over the lantern flame, and concocted a tolerably good cup of cocoa with the same apparatus. He topped off with bread and jam, which somehow put him in mind of Cupe.

So, as soon as he had removed the soot from the lantern chimney, in readiness for the night, he descended his ladder and went over to ask Mr. Weatherbee's permission about knocking out a few bricks. There was still quite a bit of daylight left and it was something he could do before tomorrow. Slim hadn't the slightest doubt but what his comrades would join him the following night, now they had seen how well he had things arranged.

Mr. Weatherbee decided it would do no harm to enlarge one of the openings a little. In fact, he repeated that he was glad to have the place in use, after all these years. So Slim went back with a hammer and a pail of water. It took him but a few minutes to wash his dishes and chip away a hole which he was pretty sure would admit Cupe.

"Unless he eats too much after he gets up here sometime," he made reservation.

Night came on. Slim lighted his lantern and seated himself on his blanket roll. He drew forth a copy of one of his favorites, Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." How fitting those first few stanzas were:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day—"

There wasn't any curfew, of course, and he couldn't see as there were any "lowing herds" to wind slowly o'er the lea. Yet there was something about it—

He read aloud:

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds—
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign—"

"The moping owl." Somehow Slim didn't like the sound of that. He hoped to goodness there weren't any moping owls in his tower! And if there were, he hoped they wouldn't complain to the moon about his molesting their secret bower.

Come to think of it, that chimney-top might house anything, from an owl to an ostrich, but owls, especially.

Slim yawned and closed his book. He went about his preparations for retiring.

Cupe crept over the dusky, dewy landscape, nearer and nearer to Slim's huge "bower." He was weighted down with a hammer, a blanket, a stepladder, and an overnight food supply. He was going to spend the night with Slim, and he was going to put something over on the rest of the gang, for once. He was surely glad to see Slim's lantern lighted. It made a cheery beacon toward which to direct his efforts.

He stopped and readjusted his load again. It was heavy, but, well, it was worth it. A thing like this didn't happen but once in a lifetime. And wouldn't Slim be surprised and pleased to see him? Ever since Slim had saved his life at Thimble Camp, Cupe had felt he owed him something. Now he could square the account by spending the night with him.

He drew near the chimney, entered the lower chamber, then paused. There was a threatening growl from overhead, then a bloodcurdling, gurgling, guttural sound. It stopped a moment, then resumed with renewed force, echoed up and down the chimney stack, stopped, and began once more.

Cupe was startled. Something terrible was happening to Slim up there, and now was the time for Cupe to show the stuff he was made of. He set the stepladder against the chamber wall and mounted it, hammer in hand. But he found that already the bricks had been broken away, leaving an opening large enough for a man. With a great heave, Cupe threw himself through the hole, to go to the rescue of Slim.

Slim greeted him with a surprised, "Hello, there! Where'd you come from?" and wiped his face on a clean white towel.

"Wh-what—whe-where is he?" Cupe stammered, staring about him stupidly, uncertainly.

"Where's who?"

[*Continued on page 248*]

SPRINGTIME SALADS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "*Cooking Without Mother's Help*," "*Junior Cook Book*," "*Sewing Without Mother's Help*," *Jean and Jerry, Detectors*," etc.

SPRING'S here and we want plenty of salad. There isn't a dish we like better in May than a pretty salad—all cool and crisp and made perfectly. Maybe you think salads are too easy and that even though you do like them a lot, you don't need a lesson about them. They do look easy and they *are*, if you know how. But that's a big *if* and perhaps before we do our recipe, we'd better make sure we know the general rules.

First, everything used in a salad must be clean.

"Why, the very idea!" exclaimed one reader. "Of course, we know *that*."

Yes, to be sure we do. But lettuce is pretty gritty sometimes and celery has bits of earth way down near the root and we need to remember cleanliness and make sure each bit of material used in a salad is perfect and immaculate.

Second, everything must be cold. Plates, lettuce, dressings, all must be well chilled. It isn't enough to have the things cold when you start the salad; they must be *kept* cold. If you make the salad ahead of time, put it back into the ice box to re-chill till serving time.

Third, raw materials must be crisp. Wilted lettuce or cabbage or tired apples have no business in a well-made salad. It is easy to crisp your materials. Wash them carefully in very cold water, drain them quickly and put them in covered dishes in the refrigerator. Covered glass dishes can be bought very cheaply now and if Mother hasn't any, perhaps she would like some for a surprise some day, or for her next birthday. In the meantime, lettuce washed, drained and wrapped in a clean, damp cloth and put in the refrigerator, will quickly get fresh and crisp; so will cabbage and other wilted materials.

When you plan to make a salad, look up all the materials ahead of time, so you can crisp them if they are not just as they should be.

Now we are going to learn a salad that is green and spring-like and very tasty.

ENDIVE SALAD

You will need one head of choice endive (not the white French endive, but the dark green curly leaf sort). Or you can use dandelion greens—they are young and crisp now and can be found in many a yard. Then you will need one ounce of Roquefort cheese, salad oil, white vinegar, salt and paprika.

Into a panful of fresh water put the head of endive, top down. Lift it up and down in the water, letting the water run through the leaves.

Change the water and lift the endive up and down several times again.

If the leaves seem gritty, you may need to use four changes of water. Wash it too much rather than too little.

Drain off the water, put the endive in a covered jar and set it in the refrigerator to chill. If you have no covered jar, wrap it lightly in a damp cloth instead.

While the endive is crisping, make the dressing as follows: Crumple into tiny bits 1 ounce of Roquefort cheese. Put it into a measuring cup.

Add enough salad oil to make ¼ cupful.

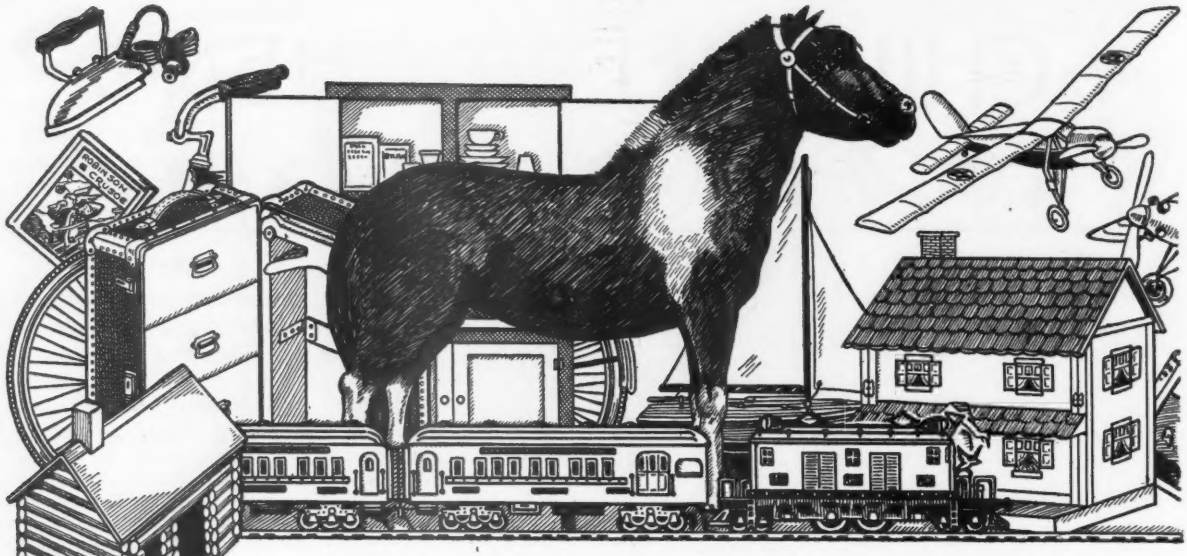
Add 1 teaspoonful salt, 3 tablespoonfuls of white vinegar and 4 shakes of paprika.

With a fork, stir till blended. Put into the refrigerator till serving time.

At mealtime, put on the kitchen table the jar of chilled endive, the cup of dressing and four cold salad plates.

Break the head of endive apart and arrange the leaves on the plates. Lay them straightly and neatly, as you would asparagus, and put the darker green leaves at the bottom with the paler ones on top. Or, with sharp kitchen scissors, cut the leaves into inch lengths, making two piles, one of dark and one of pale green leaves. Then pile the cuttings neatly on the salad plates, reversing the pale leaves for the top.

[*Continued on page 246*]



HERE ARE 150 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—SHETLAND PONY

For the Best Answer From a Boy or Girl

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Girls Will be Awarded in the Following Order

A $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls.
Iver Johnson Girls' Roadster Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
A Schoenhut Furnished 4-room Doll House.
Eastman Folding Kodak No. 1A, series II.
Doll's Wardrobe Trunk.
Empire Electric Stove and Oven with Utensils.
Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.
Lincoln Marionette Show with 3 marionettes and material for 3 more.
Singer Sewing Machine for making doll clothes.

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Boys Will be Awarded in the Following Order

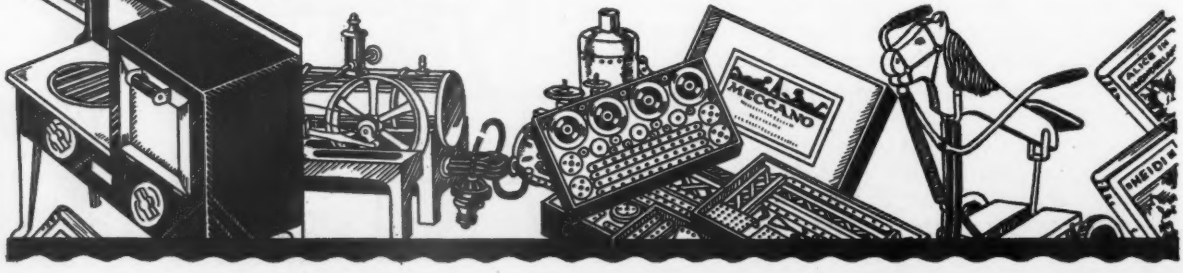
American Flyer's President's Special electric train set and transformer.
Iver Johnson Super Mobike Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
Meccano Set No. 40 with motor.
Silver Ace Flying Model of Curtis Robin Plane.
Weeden Electrically Heated Steam Engine.
Chest of 14 Stanley Tools.
30 inch Schoenhut Sail Boat "Saturne."
Silver Ace Flying Model Pursuit Plane.
Knapp Master Magic Set No. 3.

And The Following Prizes For Either Boys or Girls

20th and 21st Prizes—Each a Merri-O-Galloper.
22nd to 25th Prizes—Each a Pair of Nestor Johnson Jr. Ice Skates with shoes.
26th to 35th Prizes—Each a Scott's Modern Stamp Album and 2000 stamps.
36th to 45th Prizes—Each a Pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates.
46th to 55th Prizes—Each a Knapp Electric Questioner.
56th to 65th Prizes—Each a Triple Set of Lincoln Logs.
66th to 75th Prizes—Each a Pair of Kangaroo Springshus.
76th to 80th Prizes—Each a Falcon Playtown Set
81st to 100th Prizes—Each a Kokomo Electric Flat Iron if a girl or a Structo Giant Steam Shovel if a boy.
101st to 125th Prizes—Each a copy of "Heidi" if a girl or "King Arthur" if a boy.
126th to 150th Prizes—Each a copy of the "Child Life Cook Book" if a girl or "Making Things with Tools" if a boy.

A Surprise Package For Every One

Besides all these 150 prizes Child Life will send to every boy or girl who sends in a complete entry a surprise package.



PLAY A GAME—WIN A PRIZE

Can you make pictures out of these puzzles?

ANY boy or girl, whether a subscriber to Child Life or not, who will not reach his or her thirteenth birthday by September 5th, 1930, may enter this contest, except children of Rand McNally & Company employees.

Cut out the three pictures at the top of the page and cut them apart along the dotted lines. Paste or pin them together to make three complete pictures so that each one will look like some one of the small pictures on this page. Put the right name on each large picture, such as "Robin Hood," etc.

Save these three. When the June issue of Child Life is out, May 25th, do the same thing with the three puzzles you will find in there. In the July and August issues there will be one set each of three of these puzzles. Save all four sets—twelve pictures. Then write a short letter telling what hero or heroine you like best in any book. The character need not be one whose picture is in the contest.

Send the four sets of these pictures together with the letter to Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, to arrive before midnight September 5th, 1930. Be sure your age, name and address are with the pictures.

To every boy or girl, who has not reached his or her thirteenth birthday, from whom we receive a complete entry (the 12 pictures and the letter), Child Life will send a surprise package. Your entry may also win one of the 150 Grand Prizes listed on the opposite page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Originality in the letter will count. The judges will be appointed by Child Life. Their decision will be final. The list of prize winners will be announced in the November 1930 Child Life.

You need not purchase Child Life or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures at the top of this page and assemble the pictures from these copies. Child Life may be examined free of charge at any office of Rand McNally & Company or at public libraries.

REMEMBER

The four sets (12 pictures) with your letter must arrive together before midnight September 5th, 1930, to earn a surprise package and to be entered for one of the Grand Prizes. Be sure your name, address, and age are with the pictures. No pictures or letters will be returned. Rand McNally & Company shall have the right to publish in any form any of the entries either in whole or in part at any time it shall desire to do so.

Begin now. You can do it!

TOADS AND DIAMONDS PUZZLE—

FIND THE FOSTER MOTHER AND THE RUDE SISTER

By HELEN HUDSON

How to Put Your Child's Best Foot Forward in a Snapshot

A Book that Tells and Shows in Pictures, Prepared by Experts, Sent FREE *for Coupon*

WHAT a marvelous diary they make—snapshots of your children taken week by week. How full your heart, in years to come, when at the turn of a page your grown-up children are magically before you, babies again!

There's Susan, just at her most adorable age. She was only three then and the picture brings it all back.

"There's Jim—why that's the day he started to kindergarten. And here's the picnic party the day that Anne was seven."

There are more heart throbs in pictures like that than in all the sonnets the poets have written. A diary of sweet memories that *keep* your children, children always.

Take the pictures now. Do it systematically. Take pictures *every week.* The book offered below will help you greatly in making the ones you take show your children at their best.

Accept Book—Free for Coupon

To help parents get the kind of snapshots that become more and more interesting with age, there is a new and informative book, "Taking Pictures of Your Children at Their Best." Full of illustrations. It suggests poses, "props," lightings and backgrounds. It tells how to take pictures that show the child with its best foot forward . . . pictures that bring a new thrill every time you open the album.

If You Have No Kodak

If you have no camera, you can obtain a Brownie for as little as $2. And a Kodak for as low as $5. Either is easy to use, either makes excellent snapshots.

The Modern Kodaks with fast lenses are especially desirable because they don't require bright light. See them.

Meanwhile, send for the book. You'll surely be glad that you did, for it tells exactly how to take the most interesting pictures of your child.

May 18 to 25th is

Take-a-Picture Week

—a week set aside by the Photo Finishers of the country to remind you of the finest picture opportunities of the year. Celebrate Take-a-Picture Week by making up some of the chances you have missed for adding to your collection of interesting snapshots.

Kodak Hour

Two Nation-wide Networks Weekly

Two big, different, radio programs weekly, each offering thirty minutes of lively entertainment. Thursday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System. Friday evening, N.B.C. blue chain. Extra stations and Pacific networks both nights.

KODAK

Only Eastman Makes the Kodak

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free the illustrated book telling how to take pictures that show children at their best.

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Address.....

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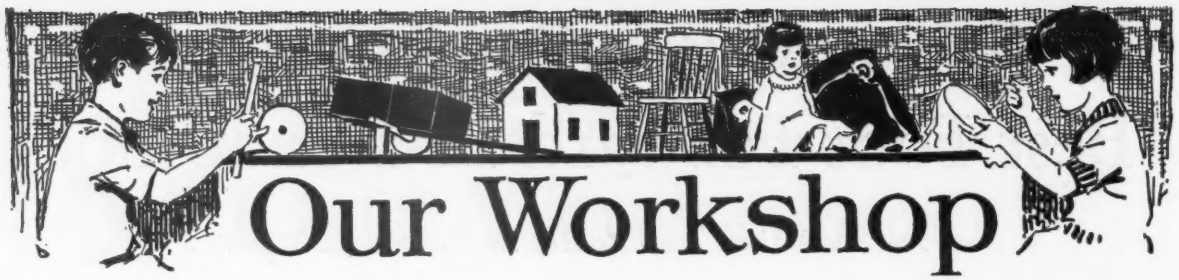


Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things With Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," "*Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys*"

BIRD BATHS

IF YOU have built and put up bird houses and shelves this spring, you may reasonably expect birds to accept your home grounds as their summer resort. I hope that they will. But, if I were you, I would increase the prospects by making the grounds as attractive to birds as I could. I would build one or more baths, plant berry-bearing shrubs,* and serve notice to cats and other bird enemies that they are unwelcome. Results will repay you for your efforts in these directions.

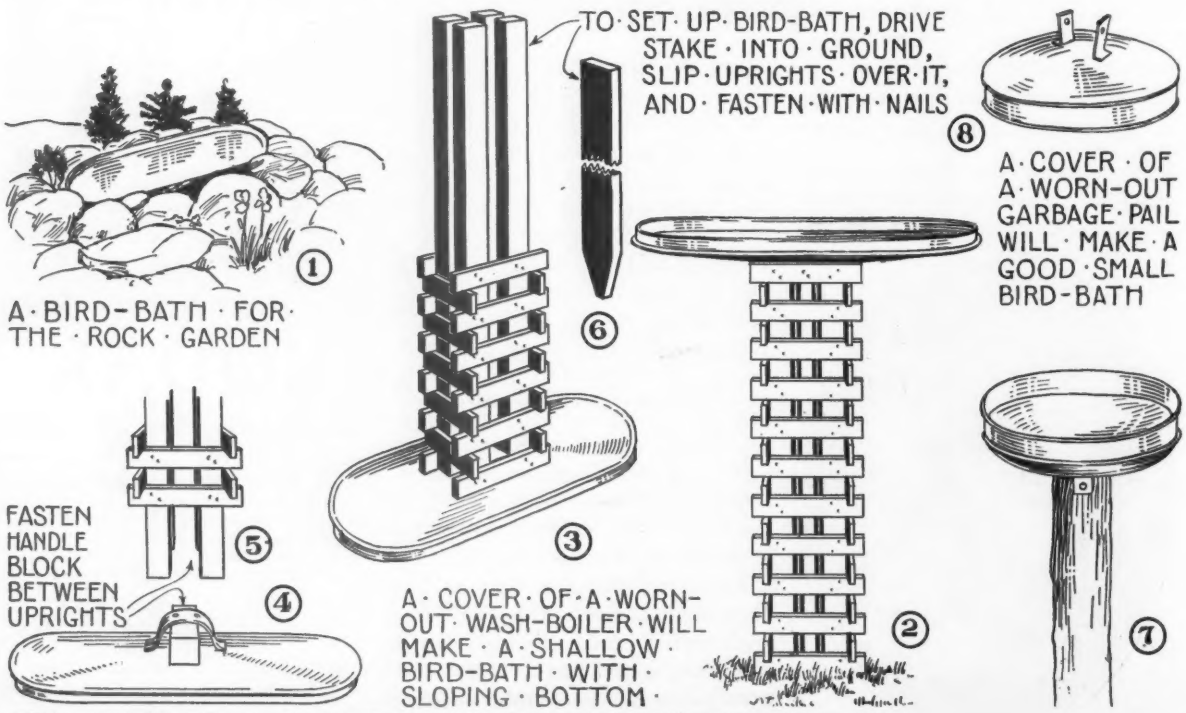
Let's make a bird bath. It is easy enough to do, and how much fun it will be to watch the birds bathe in and drink from a pool of one's own making. Mother will be pleased with the bird bath, too. Probably, it is one of the garden accessories that she has wanted for a long time. Ask her to select the one of these three shown in Figures 1, 2, and 7 which she likes best.

If Mother has a rock garden, or is planning to build one, it will be just the place for a bird bath like that shown in Figure 1. This bath is made of the cover of a wash boiler. The cover is good for the purpose because shallow, about ¾ inch deep at the rim, sloping down to 1½ inches deep at the center. You will have no trouble locating a cover of a worn-out boiler, because if there isn't one at home, a relative or neighbor will certainly have one to give you. The only thing necessary to prepare the cover for the bird bath is to paint it. This will be fun. First, scrub the surfaces to remove all grease. Then apply a coat of red-lead paint, to make the surfaces rust-proof, and two coats of white paint to cover the red.

Figure 1 suggests how to place the wash boiler cover pool among rocks, with the rocks piled close to the rim, and earth filled in among the rocks for plants. The cover should be anchored, and the best way is to nail a block of wood, longer than that shown in Figure 4, to the handle, and embed its ends among the rocks.

A ground pool is not as secure a place for bathing as a pedestal pool, so, in offering the rock

[*Continued on page 237*]


TO SET UP BIRD-BATH, DRIVE STAKE INTO GROUND, SLIP UPRIGHTS OVER IT, AND FASTEN WITH NAILS
8
A COVER OF A WORN-OUT GARBAGE PAIL WILL MAKE A GOOD SMALL BIRD-BATH
1
A BIRD-BATH FOR THE ROCK GARDEN
6
3
FASTEN HANDLE BLOCK BETWEEN UPRIGHTS
5
4
A COVER OF A WORN-OUT WASH-BOILER WILL MAKE A SHALLOW BIRD-BATH WITH SLOPING BOTTOM
2
7

* Write to "United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C." for Bulletin 506, "Food for Well-Known Birds."

She can do anything a boy can

Little eleven year old Bettina Belmont lives in Middleburg, Virginia. She is the granddaughter of August Belmont, banker, and founder of Belmont Park

. . . this little BETTINA BELMONT

To keep her strong and stalwart her mother stresses one simple care

THE heart of Virginia's fox hunting country is a splendid place for a little girl to grow up. Especially if she has a piebald pony, Punchinello . . . and jumps him . . . and is one of a very few children permitted to ride with the Middleburg Hounds.

Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be picked up and played with when the mood seizes.

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child, of course. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal this outdoor girl eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit we've been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "I eat it every night for supper."

Mothers are quite used to this recommendation. The specialists themselves give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we made an investigation among 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would even ask!

That's because for years they've known—as mothers know too—how rich in energy Cream of Wheat is, and how exceptionally easy it is to digest.

Make a daily habit of a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat for your children.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 854,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. R-32
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here..

CREAM OF WHEAT

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CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

BIRD MONTH

THE longed-for day had come when the Brocton league was to give a Maypole dance for an audience of fathers and mothers. The boys wore white suits and the girls gay summer dresses—all excep Helen who looked very lovely and *very* dignified in the long white robe she wore as Queen of May. After they had wound the Maypole, athletic events were the order of the day. The boys had contests and the girls had contests—relay races, broad jumps and high jumps, fifty and one hundred yard dashes—and afterwards the winners came before the queen to receive their prizes.

Before the last number on the program—the singing of spring songs by a chorus composed of all the members—Miss Bradley made an announcement.

"I have one of these for each of you," she said, holding up a notebook, "and at the end of the month you're to turn them back to me, so I can decide who gets another prize. In the first part you're to paste pictures of birds—in cases where you can cut them out—and draw and trace them, writing underneath the name of each. In the second part you're to keep a record of the birds you see each day. Take a page to tell about each bird, writing down what it looked like, what you saw it eating, where it lighted, where it built its nest, what kind of a nest it had and any other facts you have observed and found interesting. We learned last month that the birds are our friends, so this month let's try to become better acquainted."

The members liked the plan, and at the end of May Miss Bradley found the notebooks very hard to judge. Each of them had observed from five to fifteen different kinds of birds, and they all had an interesting collection of pictures. The counselor went through the books a second time, and then she picked up Ben's book. Among his pictures she found two snapshots he had taken of birds with his own camera, after several hours of patient waiting.

"I think the prize goes to Ben," said Miss Bradley and handed him a set of little colored bird pictures.

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your May list in time to reach our office by June 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count, for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for May.

1. **I observed a bird I had not seen before this season and wrote a description of it in my notebook.**
2. **I observed another bird I had not seen before this season and wrote a description of it in my notebook.**
3. **I learned to identify a bird by its call.**
4. **I learned to identify a bird by its plumage.**
5. **I learned to imitate several bird calls.**
6. **I quietly observed a family of birds for an hour or more.**
7. **I started a collection of bird pictures.**
8. **I learned to identify an oriole's nest.**
9. **I learned to identify a thrush's nest.**
10. **I learned to identify the nest of some other bird.**

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

[*Continued on page 248*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Ted was getting ready to give Chip a bath, but Chip took one look at the tub, turned tail and fled.

He met Bab, who hitched him to her doll carriage in which she was giving her kitten a ride.

All went well until a squirrel crossed Chip's path and made a face at him. Chip started in pursuit.

Then the kitten attached himself to Chip's back, the squirrel jumped the creek and Chip did too—almost.

And after that Ted fished the carriage, the passenger and the dejected Chip out of the mud and gave him three baths instead of one!

Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR
Associate Literary Editor, the Chicago Evening Post

HITTY is making a tour of the United States. Perhaps by the time this article comes out, you will already have seen her. If not, be sure to visit her when she reaches the big city nearest you.

Hitty travels alone. She carries all her housekeeping arrangements with her: her desk, her bench, her favorite book of Bible quotations, and the smallest hooked rug you are ever likely to see.

She does not seem to mind the long train journeys. She has made longer journeys before. In Rachel Field's *Hitty: Her First Hundred Years* (Macmillan) you may read how, when she was less than a year old, she cruised to the other side of the world in a sailing vessel and got shipwrecked. Nor is she embarrassed about meeting people. Long ago she met Whittier. And once Charles Dickens picked her up.

If you should not happen to see her, though, you can tell just what she looks like from her daguerrotype. In fact all Dorothy Lathrop's pictures of her are just like seeing Hitty.

But perhaps you might not realize how small she is. In fact when you do see her you can hardly believe that quite so small a doll could have survived so many adventures. I suppose that the peddler who made her a hundred years ago for Phoebe Preble of Portland, Maine, would say that it was because he cut her out of mountain ash from Ireland. And mountain ash from Ireland is said to be lucky.

Does your mother ever let you go to the movies? If she does, probably your taste in books is for pretty exciting ones. If not perhaps you may find the next three books, or two of them at least, almost too exciting.

The Little Siberian (Henry Holt and Company), by L. A. Charskaya, author also of "Little Princess Nina," was almost too exciting, even for me. As a baby, Alexandra was rescued from the wolves in Siberia, at nine she fell into the hands of robbers, later, in Russia she joined a circus and was nearly killed by the lions. But the story does have a very happy ending.

Another exciting book is *Loot of the Flying Dragon*, by Kenneth Payson Kempton (Little, Brown & Company). This is the story of young Barnaby Vane of old Boston who was kidnapped and taken to sea on a ship that was presently boarded by pirates. Barnaby could play the violin, and his music got him out of a good many tight places, though, if it weren't for the last page, you would hardly believe that anything could have got him out of quite all of them.

And still another is *The Children of the Cave* by Edward H. Thompson (Marshall Jones Company). There is a war in Yucatan. Some American children and their Indian servants hide in an ancient Maya cave. They have enough food along to picnic for weeks, if necessary. They decide to explore. There is a cave-in. They can't turn back, and for days and days they just keep on going in the hope that the tunnel has another end. Many wonders of the ancient Maya civilization are revealed to them down there and a professor who has somehow fallen into the tunnel from up above helps them to see a great many things that they might otherwise have missed.

But if you would rather read a book which almost seems real, try *Witch Perkins: A Story of the Kentucky Hills*, by Evelyn D. Scott (Henry Holt & Company). This is about a little girl named Ella who lived a long time ago and who sometimes talked through the back fence to a little girl named Mamie. Ella had a nice mother and father. But Mamie didn't have a mother.

Everybody in the book is very real, even the dolls—who come to life in a sort of Alice in Wonderland part just before the end of the story. You will like reading about life in this Kentucky town, and hearing all the magic beliefs that Ella learned from the darkies.

Another nice book of the real sort is *'Scally' Alden* by Ada Claire Darby (Laidlaw Brothers). Scally is a ten-year-old girl in a large family where there isn't enough money. She has a lovely invitation for the summer, but Mother can't spare the thirty-five dollars for her train fare. The book tells how Scally sets about earning it, and also tells about the vacation itself.

The twentieth of May this year is the third anniversary of Lindbergh's take-off for Paris in the Spirit of St. Louis. Doesn't it seem longer than

[*Continued on page 246*]

OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 232]

garden pool to your birds, do your best to keep out marauders.

The pedestal bird bath in Figure 2 also has a wash-boiler cover for its pool. The pedestal is built up of four uprights ¾ inch thick and 1¾ inches wide, known as 1-by-2s, and crosspieces of lattice-strips. You can buy this material from a carpenter or at a lumber yard. As the uprights should be about 30 inches long, you will need a strip of 1-by-2 10 feet long. The crosspieces should be 8 inches long, and as there are forty-two of them you will need three pieces of lattice-strip 10 or 12 feet long.

Cut one upright and one crosspiece, and use them for markers for the other pieces. In cutting the crosspieces, saw at right angles, and be careful not to split the ends. This will be good practice in sawing.

To assemble the pedestal, place two of the uprights upon your workbench so that the distance from outside to outside measures 5 inches. Nail eleven crosspieces to them, using finishing-nails 1¼ inches long. Nail the first crosspiece to the uprights even with the tops. Place a second crosspiece next to it for a spacer, but do not nail it. Then place a third strip next to the spacer, and nail it, then a fourth strip next to the third, for a spacer, and so on until the bottom of the uprights has been reached. The ends of the crosspieces must project equally. Mark the correct projection upon a small block, and use this block as a guide for placing the strips.

When you have completed the frame, make a second frame like it. Then connect the two frames with the remaining crosspieces, slipping these between the ends of the nailed crosspieces. Figure 3 shows half of the crosspieces nailed on each side. This is not as easy a way to assemble the pedestal as the way I have explained. The illustration has been drawn this way to make the construction clear.

To fasten the wash-boiler cover to the pedestal, drive a block of wood 5 inches long under the cover

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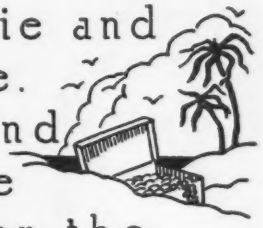
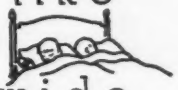
We're playing that we are pirates - - - Jimmie and Johnnie and me.



We're going to find buried treasure that lies far over the sea

Pirates, of course, must be hearty - - - with bones and muscles like steel, so we sleep with windows



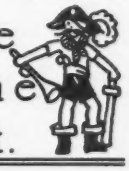
wide open and eat healthful foods at each meal.

We have sun

-browned Wheatena each morning —it's the cereal we know is so full of good things that build healthy children who win all the games in their school

You'll like Wheatena's nut-like flavor - - - it's made from the finest of wheat.

If you want to be a bold pirate Wheatena's the cereal to eat.



3 servings FREE

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name.....

Address..... CL 5-30

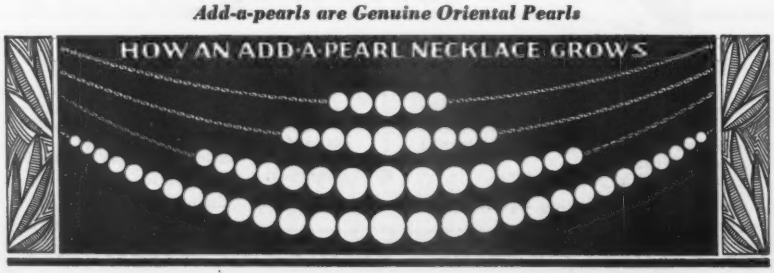
The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

NO WONDER Angeline was bubbling with excitement. Mother had just given her an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE for her birthday, then said: "Of course, dear, your necklace is just started. It is not complete like the ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE your Daddy gave me last year on Mother's Day." "I'm glad," Angeline smiled gaily, "now I can belong to the ***Pearl-a-month Club*** at school. Dolly started it. When she received her necklace for Christmas this year the ***Pearl-a-month Club*** originated. Only girls who have an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE belong and we all pledge to buy at least one additional pearl each month from our allowance. It will be fun to see whose necklace grows the fastest." "That's a splendid idea," mother said, and remember the family will help to make it grow by giving additional pearls on Christmas, birthdays and all gift occasions. In a few years you will have a completed necklace."

An initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, of 7 pearls on a fine gold chain, may be purchased for as little as $10. Other prices range—$15—$20—$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Group additions may be purchased from $10—single pearls as low as $2.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO

Add-a-pearls are Genuine Oriental Pearls



MOTHER'S DAY GARDEN

[Continued from page 223]

It's just the yard."

"Well, then, if I fix the yard and promise not to sell the place as long as your mother wants to keep it, will you make me a promise? Will you help her, and help her *good and hard*, so that the yard will always look nice?"

The tall man spoke so gruffly, and his face looked so like a thunder cloud, that he almost frightened the children.

"Yes, we will, we will," they all clamored.

"You'd better, or out you go, bag and baggage." And then the tall man chuckled, and they could see he had just been jesting.

"About four o'clock I am coming over and take you to help me choose plants. Do you want to see thousands of posies blooming all at one time?"

The place was more beautiful than Florabel and the other children had imagined a place could be. As for flowers, you could have picked hundreds and hundreds of them, and never have known they were gone. The landlord, his helper and Wallace dug up dozens of the plants, which like naughty children were running away from the places they were supposed to stand. They dug these so carefully, and left such great shovelfuls of moist black earth about their roots, that they hardly knew they had been moved, and went right on blooming when planted in their new home. While the men were doing this, Betsy, Bobby and Arthur were given trowels, and shown how to dig pansy, little pink English daisy, and forget-me-not plants. And Florabel was told to pick all the blossoms her hands would hold, all the large basket would hold, and all that she wanted to make Mother's house like a lovely fairy bower. By the time the six o'clock whistle blew, the beds were glowing with flowers.

"Sister, I'm getting so hungry I could almost eat these flowers." said Bobby. "Shouldn't we have some supper?"

"I'm starving, too," replied Betsy. "We were too busy at noon to eat anything but bread and milk and cookies," she explained to the tall man.

At that moment a car stopped outside the gate, and a delivery boy came up the walk, carrying two large parcels. The first one held paper plates, napkins, dishes and spoons, and several kinds of sandwiches. The second parcel

was a carton of Florabel's favorite pink ice cream. So right there on the front porch, where they could watch the new garden, the whole crowd had a jolly picnic. And there wasn't a dish to wash!

"Those window boxes need filling," said their new friend, and then he drove to the greenhouse and brought back dozens and dozens of frilly pink petunias, and blue lobelia, and fluffy ferns which drooped all about the edges of the boxes. Then he was content.

After that the children, tired but happy, were ready to crawl into bed. They slept, and slept, and slept, and they were still sleeping in the morning when the train came puffing in, giving loud happy toots, because it was bringing Mother home.

Mother opened her eyes when not a chick nor a child was there to meet her. She hastened home to see how her flock had fared. She passed many a lawn gay with flowers, and sighed at the thought of her own shabby yard. Then she grew to planning how she would brighten it with the help of the children, and her thoughts were so busy that she turned into her own gate before she noticed the flowers in gay array.

"Mercy, where am I going?" she said. "I have gotten into the wrong yard." For this little yard was full of rainbow iris, nodding columbine, lily-of-the-valley, and dozens of other gay flowers lifting up their heads to greet her. She stopped, bewildered; there was Arthur's tricycle, and yes, those certainly were her familiar curtains. She opened the front door and went into a room abloom with flowers. There was a great tub of lilacs, and vases, bottles, jars and bowls spilling rainbow-colored bouquets. But the house was strangely silent.

"Children, children," called Mother in alarm.

At that, sleepy eyes opened, and five pajama-clad figures sprang up, and Mother was almost smothered with hugs and kisses.

"Have the fairies been here?" she asked.

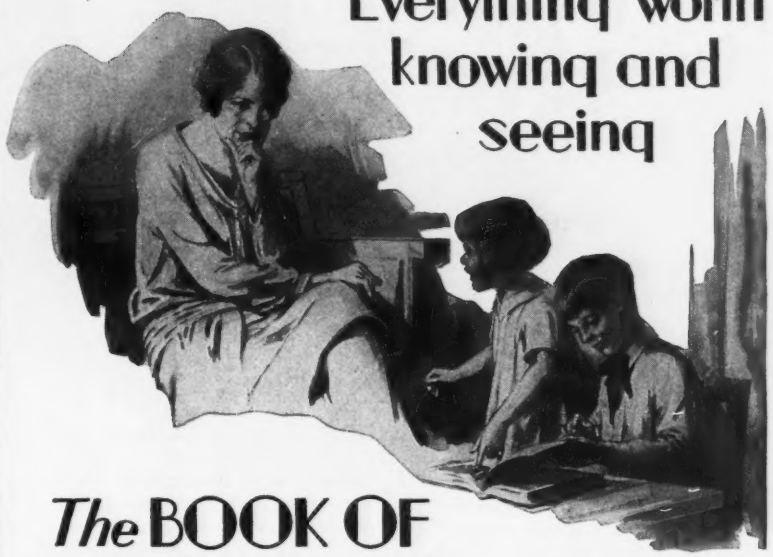
"No, it's a Mother's Day surprise. We are the fairies, and we are all going to help you keep it lovely," they said.

Mother, trying to hug all of them at once, heard the story, and when it was finished her face was radiant.

"We tried to make the yard smile for you," was Florabel's way of putting it.

"Smile, children? It is fairly chuckling aloud," said Mother happily.

Everything worth knowing and seeing



The BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Children's Encyclopedia

Make this year memorable by placing The Book of Knowledge in your home. It has more pictures, more subjects, more value than any other informational work for the young.

THE great departments of The Book of Knowledge tell the child or youth what is most worth knowing, and they are fascinatingly illustrated by nearly everything worth seeing. The Book of Knowledge forms a marvelously handy little library of nature, science, history, biography, art, literature and manual activities. It is a delightful source of reading, entertainment and reference during the entire period of school life.

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The Book of Knowledge is in the hands of close upon three million children today, and has been printed in six different languages. It is never off the press. It has become the children's friend and helper in all the major activities of their daily lives, and their most important help in getting an education that will satisfy the demands of life.

Makes Reading Children

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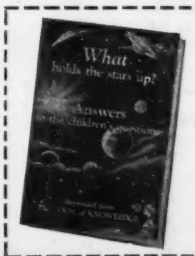
The arrangement of The Book of Knowledge is one of its most successful features. It is based on the natural working of the mind of a child—from the known to the unknown—from the simple to the more complex—and *never too much or too heavy mental food at one time.* The articles are of exactly the right length to hold and not weary the attention.

Every teacher knows the marked difference between the child who reads for information and the one who does not. *That difference continues all through life.* The Book of Knowledge makes reading children, observant children, children who succeed easily in what they attempt.

MAILED FREE — 54 page booklet

with color plate of American birds and leaflet of answers to children's questions



THE GROLIER SOCIETY, Dept. 301
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Name .....

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Child Life 5-30

The dish without a "Don't"

Dear me, there seems to be so many "don'ts" for young folks nowadays! There's "don't-be-late-for-school" and "don't-forget-your-rubbers" and "don't-eat-all-that-candy" and just hundreds of others—all popping up in the most unexpected places.

No wonder boys and girls all like Shredded Wheat so much—there isn't a single "don't" in it. No reason why you shouldn't have as many of these crisp delicious biscuits as you want—with oceans of good rich milk. Mother doesn't even have to say "don't-eat-so-fast" because you just can't help chewing each tasty mouthful.

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YOU'LL want to have the copies of Child Life with the rest of the contest in it so you can win one of the prizes listed on page 228.

Besides you'll have all the fun of reading the adventure and mystery stories about animals, fairies, cowboys and Indians. Then there are the games, puzzles, cut-outs, and especially the Kitchen and Workshop that will mean hours and hours of fun.

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GENERAL GEORGE'S PARADE

[*Continued from page 221*]

fore-front of the younger children's parade. But at the curbing she stumbled and fell sprawling, then slipped and slid out into the road, just as a car, whose driver evidently hadn't paid much attention to the take-care sign up the street, came dashing along.

George heard the squeal of brakes, looked up and saw Isabel right in the path of the car, but he couldn't get to her in time. Neither could Alicia Mary, though she made a gallant try for it. It was Ling Yan, the Chinese laundry-man's son, with the slant eyes and coarse black hair that made him look so foreign, who was near enough and brave and quick enough to grab Isabel by her rose organdy skirts and pull her, yelling lustily, very dirty, but with nothing worse than a scratch on her little snub nose, to safety.

"Don't you know *anything*, Issy?" Charlie scolded, brushing her off. Then he thanked Ling Yen. "Say, but you were quick!"

"Hey, Charlie!" General George saw his chance. "How about the thinning blue line of heroes that they always put in their Memorial Day parade? I heard my dad say Millville had just one left this year. Let's make a sign for this school's heroes of peace, and let Ling Yen carry it. Want to march in Charlie's parade, Ling?"

Ling grinned. "I like to march all right," he said, "but Charlie no let."

"Oh, well, you can now, Ling," announced Charle graciously. Then he looked hard at George Jones. George always made things go. Maybe they'd better let him help with the parade. "George is a hero too, Punk," he reminded his lieutenant blandly. "He was the real one who saved Alicia Mary from drowning, even if we did help bring planks 'n' things. He can march with Ling. And Patsy and Joe can get up a band. I guess the band doesn't need to be descended."

"Sure it doesn't," agreed George hastily, bound to take full advantage of the "break" in his favor. "And say, Punk and Charlie, long as you're going to let in some outsiders, why not have a busting big parade of the whole school? Have it different from the grown-ups, instead of copy-catting. Have the sons of veterans to remember the wars that are past, and that of course we're proud to have fought so well. Then have the rest of us to stand for peace that we hope

the world has grown up enough now to keep, settling up its quarrels in a good way, by courts and treaties, 'stead of rushing out and killing each other."

"But a parade can't tell all that," objected Punk.

"Yes, it can," insisted General George. "We can have signs to carry, with sayings that people believe in nowadays, like 'We hope the Great War was the Last,' 'Fewer Battleships, Better Schools,' 'War is the World's Worst Waster,' Well, that's all I can think of now," ended George breathlessly, "but you kids can all get busy and make up some corkers."

"I know one now!"

"So do I!"

"Listen, General!"

The sign idea took like hot cakes, and George was immediately buried under an avalanche of suggestions.

"We can't use all those," declared Charlie, "unless you want a parade of nothing but signs. Besides there isn't enough pasteboard in Millville to write 'em all on."

"Have a committee and judges," suggested Jack Carter, who had proposed at least three peace-time slogans. "My mother is president of a lit'ry society. She'd be a good judge."

"No, sir, I nominate the first-grade teachers for judges," called out Alicia Mary. "They'll be perfectly impartial."

The parade committee decided to use nine slogans, besides the "Sons of Veterans" and "Our Heroes of Peace" signs, and the first-grade teachers had nearly a hundred to pick from, twenty-five of which, they said, were good enough for any Memorial Day parade.

It was a little unfortunate that Dick Brown, the school's best letterer, happened also to be the school's worst speller. "Peice Spels Prosperity" and "Life is Deer, War Recks Lives" were finished too late for corrections, but then, as Charlie Towne said, "You want something funny for the folks that are watching to laugh at."

Lots of folks watched the school parade. George had cannily suggested having it come just ahead of the regular grown-up one, and had arranged the line of march so that as many mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters as possible would be right on hand to watch and to cheer. And cheer they did! They liked the signs.

"Say, those children have *ideas!*" said one father.

"I'm betting they'll run this old world better than we have,"

[*Continued on page 249*]

She grew like a weed but didn't fill out...

—until we found that Cocomalt could make her strong and sturdy

"MY DAUGHTER Patricia was tall for her years—but so painfully thin we couldn't help worrying. Even the other children noticed it and called her 'Skinny' at school.

"Then a neighbor gave me a sample of Cocomalt. Patricia liked it so well I started giving it to her every day. In a few weeks she began to lose that 'weedy' look and started building up. Today she is so strong and well developed that every one speaks of it."

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The actual experience related by this mother has many parallels. She is not the first to be worried because her children grew too fast without filling out. Doctors say it is a danger signal that should never be ignored.

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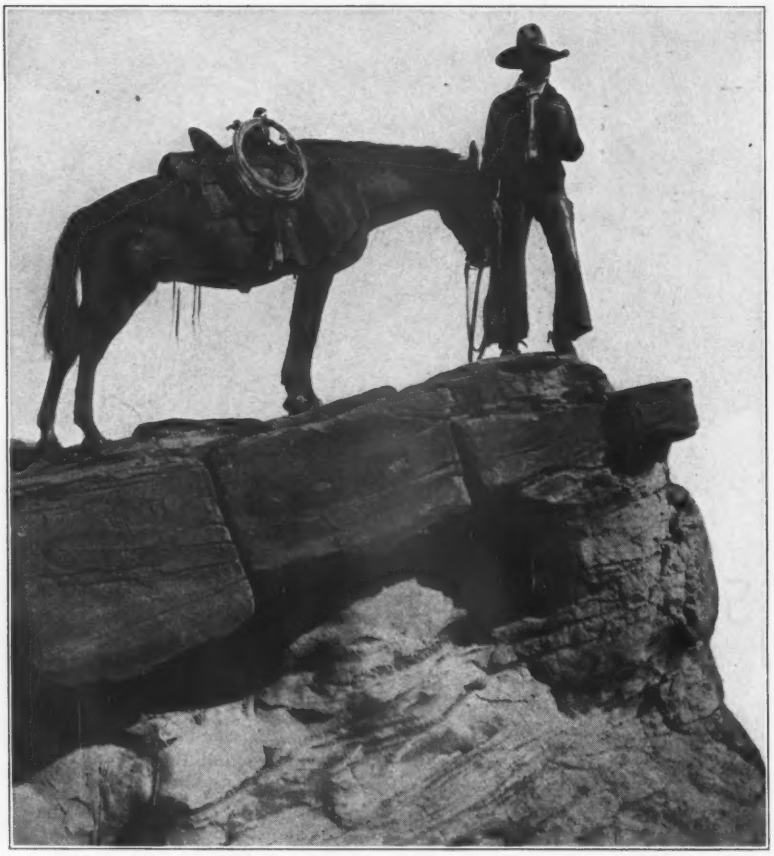

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OUR WORKSHOP

[*Continued from page 237*]

handle, as shown in Figure 4, and nail the handle to the block. Then place the cover on top of the pedestal, with the handle block slipped between the uprights (Figure 5). Fasten with nails driven through the top crosspieces into the block ends.

Painting the pedestal may be simplified by painting the parts before assembling them. At least, the first coat might better be applied in this way. A second coat can then be applied, after assembling, to the outside surfaces.

To set up this bird bath, drive a stake 3 feet long (Figure 6), 2 feet into the ground, slip pedestal uprights over it, and fasten with nails.

Figure 7 shows a small bird bath made of the cover of a garbage pail. Garbage pails have a habit of wearing out, like other things, leaving their covers behind them. Therefore, you should have no difficulty in finding a cover. The cover rim generally is high enough to make a bath of good depth. Figure 8 shows how the cover handle should be cut in half, and the halves bent out to form straps by which to attach the cover to a tree stump or post. Each strap must have a nail hole drilled through it, as shown. If Father hasn't a hack-saw and a metal drill, ask a hardware dealer to do the cutting and drilling.

Of course, you must paint the cover, to prevent rusting.

RICH

AILEEN L. FISHER

When Evelyn Ann
Moved down our way

We stood around
And watched the dray.

And we saw a bed
And a kettle lid,

And a great big red-
Colored thingamajig,

And piles of plates
And a buggy switch

And a swing .....
They must be awful rich.

THE MUSIC OF MAYTIME

[Continued from page 217]

called "glissando," and the sound obtained suggests the veery's song. He is not accurate as to pitch, but what is a mere matter of pitch between friends on a May morning?

Song of the Veery

Then there is the brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, scarlet tanager, indigo-bunting (who sings almost like a canary), the wood-pewees, golden-winged-woodpecker, catbird and the red-wing blackbird, all weaving May magic in tones. Here and there, too, is woven in a purple thread of sadness, as when the mourning-dove utters its far-away call, and, if the sun is setting, the wise owls will hoot their happiness that the night is coming when all sociable owls sing:

"To-who, tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,"

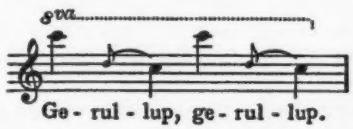
At least, William Shakespeare says they do.

These singing wild birds are models of modesty, for by far the greater part of the May festival chorus remains hidden in the grass of the fields and the leaves of the trees. The blue jay, however, is a braggart and, I'm sorry to say it, a robber. Here is what a robin thinks of a jay bird:

"With twigs and strings and other things
The robin builded it strong;
And as he plaited them into shape
He caroled a cheerful song.

"'Why so busy?' the jay bird asked.
'What are you doing, pray?'
'I suppose,' said the robin, 'I'm building a nest
For you—you blooming jay.'"

Blue Jay's Song



Have you noticed that noisy, restless, little trapeze performer over there in the bushes? He swings on the smallest of twigs, balancing himself better than any performer in Ringling's circus. He is a chickadee, and is but one of a hundred chickadees hiding in the shrubs and bushes His "call notes" (from which he gets his name) are somewhat harsh, but his heart-song—that's his love-song—is as pure as liquid pearls and consists of two clearly sustained tones, such as are here given:

[Continued on page 244]

When the Toothbrush says
"GOOD MORNING"

"Good Morning, Good Morning", says Mr. Toothbrush. "Pleased to see you," says every tiny little tooth. "We just have *to smile when we have Colgate's in the morning!"*

CHILDREN are thrilled by the captivating taste of Colgate's. Youngsters everywhere are *glad* to brush their teeth with this delicious racing foam that always tastes *so* good.

Dentists everywhere say that Colgate's is the best dentifrice for children. It keeps their teeth ever so clean and with absolute safety, too!

Colgate's cleans with a *washing* action . . . its sparkling bubbling foam sweeps over teeth and gums, surging down into tiny pits and fissures where food collects and where ordinary toothpaste cannot reach. It purifies and refreshes the entire mouth . . . polishes the teeth brilliantly, *safely.*

Important! Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments which may derange the bowels or upset the digestion. This is a factor of prime importance with young children, as many mothers can testify.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste . . . be guided by their advice, which is based on twenty-six years of experience with this wonderful dentifrice.

FREE: *to Mothers—This makes Toothbrushing a Game!*

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the Way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct. . . and offers a *reward* for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

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Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for.....children.

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The Sunnette itself is a joy. It has no buttons or ties to get out of order; no belt to bind. Its straps are stitched tight—they won't pull out. They're ingeniously adjusted and won't slip off. Pre-shrunk long-fibred wool, color-fast, the Sunnette launders easily. **Price $1.35 everywhere.** Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

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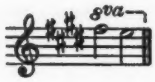
Jantzen
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

THE MUSIC OF MAYTIME

[*Continued from page 243*]

Chickadee Song



To northerners, the robin is the sign and symbol of spring. On these festival days of spring, the robins are all about us, in woods and by the brookside, and his warble—a group of three tones, with here and there a two-note figure—is a lovely thing to hear. What if the robin does scold a bit? He doesn't really mean it, and he gives us such a wealth of good cheer in his roundelay.

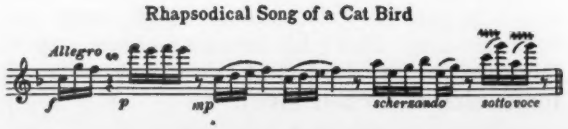
"In the sunshine and the rain,
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing cheerily,
'*Cheerup,*' '*Cheerup,*'
'Cheerily, cheerily, *cheerup.*'"

As soloists in Maytime festivals, I nominate the Baltimore oriole, the catbird and the hermit thrush. Not one of these three are subject to stage fright, all have musical ability and have practiced hard, whether Mother told them to or not. Just listen to that oriole, who dresses in the colors of the coat of arms of the English Lord Baltimore, orange and black. He sings a well-formed song when he feels like it, but like human singers, he wastes a deal of precious time in chattering about what he has done and what he intends to do. The oriole's voice is excellent for the open spaces, as it is a metallic mezzo-soprano which carries well.

The catbird is the northern representative of the mocking bird. He is weak on rhythm—as are many soloists—and strong on style, imitation and the number of different songs and calls he knows by heart. While he isn't much to look at, he has such confidence and such a repertoire that we can't have a successful May festival without him. Why, in case of stage fright of any of the bird soloists, or failure to appear just before the early morning symphony-chorus concert, (curtain goes up about 5 a.m.) Mr. Catbird can and will fly out and imitate the absent singers so well that you would hardly know the difference.

Naturally, being proud of his varied powers, he interrupts himself and others every once or twice in a while by mimicking the yowl of a cat, or the throaty croak of a frog, but these "asides" only add "pep" to the show. Besides, he comes of good family—viz. the mocking bird, brown thrashers and wrens, all aristocratic names in Birddom.

Rhapsodical Song of a Cat Bird



And now let me tell you about my last soloist and the best! I hail the hermit thrush, subdued in his costume, nesting on the ground, but rising higher in artistry than any other woodland singer.

His operatic arias are the soloistic thrill of our May tournament of song. The hermit thrush is brilliant in execution, sustaining his tones, long, loud and crystal-clear, often embroidering them with musical lace work that Franz Liszt would find it impossible to imitate in his Hungarian Rhapsodies.

One cannot describe the hermit's song but here is Mr. Schuyler Mathews' idea of how it would sound when transcribed in our notation:

Hermit Thrush Song No. 1

Four Themes sung by the Hermit Thrush

The day is done and Dame Nature has given us the best May festival the world can offer, given us the spirit of beauty and love of flowers and fields, forest and stream.

All the books and pictures in the world would not help us to understand joyous, simple life as much as these "little brothers and sisters of the air," who sing (as we should all sing at home, in Sunday and day-school) because of health, happiness and hope.

Let's go out in the country for a few hours each day this month, for remember Nature's May Festival of Music lasts for thirty-one days and after that you will be "knee-deep" in beautiful June.

WINNERS OF THE CAUTIOUS CREATURES' CONTEST

First Prize—A pet puppy and an autographed copy of "American Animals," by David Newell.
Bill Fitch, Dallas, Texas.

Second Prize—Autographed copies of "American Animals," and "Cougars and Cowboys," by David Newell.
Ruth Bretschneider, Brighton, N. Y.

Six Next Prizes—Copies of "American Animals."
Mary Carson Kuschke, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Marion Lunham, White Plains, N. Y.
Eunice Marie Lasche, Sebring, Fla.
Jean Spence, Carmel, Calif.
Helen Rogers, Emmett, Idaho.
Cynthia Jane Scott, Early, Ark.

BOOKS
For Your Spring Reading List

THE BOY WITH THE PARROT
By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Sebastian, a very young peddler, travels through Guatemala selling beads and gay colored cloth. His constant companion through many adventures is Lora, a handsome and clever parrot. $2.00

HOLIDAY MEADOW
By Edith Patch

Very springlike stories of plants and animals who live in a typical country meadow. $2.00

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SHIPS
By Peter Gimmage

A big colored picture book which tells in picture and text about every kind of boat, large and small. $2.50

THE TOWN CRIER OF GEVERY
By Estelle M. Kerr

Wartime in a small French village and the adventures of very real young people whom the author knew and sketched. $2.00

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OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 236*]

three years ago when you think of the Graf Zeppelin and the Pacific flyers and all the other things that have happened in the air since then?

There have been at least a dozen new books about flying during the past year. The two newest are *Sky High: The Story of Aviation* by Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magoun (Little Brown and Company) and *The Book of Airplanes* by Lieut. Comm. J. W. Iseman and Lieut. Sloan Taylor (Oxford University Press).

Both these books fit Lindbergh's conquest of the Atlantic into the whole story of flying. But after you have read either one of them, and particularly after you have read *Sky High* you will be at least as much surprised at what had happened before Lindbergh as you ought to be at what has happened since. Way back in the 1700's, while Washington was still alive, somebody flew a balloon across the English Channel, and eighteen hours later landed quite tidily in France. This balloon had no steering gear and it had no engine. In those days, too, there was a glider which would take its inventor quite a little distance, if he jumped off a roof in it.

Then, too, you perhaps never realized that Lindbergh wasn't quite the first flyer to cross the Atlantic. Brown and Alcock made the shorter crossing from

[*Continued on page 249*]

You can work magic, too!

LISTEN to this . . . Right in your own kitchen you can make delightful, quivery, fairylike desserts . . . so easily, so quickly, it seems too good to be true. The secret? Just use—ROYAL *QUICK SETTING* GELATIN DESSERT! With Royal your gelatin dishes will be ready to unmould in *half* the time you have heretofore allowed.

You'll love the delicious true-to-the-fruit flavor of the desserts made with Royal—the delicate quivery texture and sparkling colors. They're nourishing and wholesome, too!

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In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Be sure to ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert—the *quick setting* kind. Just follow the directions on the package.

FREE: Booklet of delicious gelatin desserts — recipes for quivery, sparkling dishes the whole family will love.

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Please send my free copy of your booklet of recipes for Gelatin Desserts.

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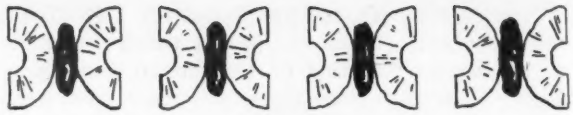


CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 227*]

Stir the dressing again and with a large spoon, dip it evenly over the endive leaves.

Serve at once with toasted crackers. This amount is ample for four and can serve five.

Another nice May salad that is particularly good for a party meal is

BUTTERFLY SALAD.

Wash and crisp a choice head of lettuce.

Drain a can of sliced pineapple or select four slices of fresh pineapple which have been peeled and cored.

Remove the seeds from four large, cooked prunes and insert nut meats.

Mix together ⅜ cupful salad oil, 4 tablespoonfuls white vinegar, ½ teaspoonful salt and ⅛ teaspoonful of paprika.

Arrange choice leaves of lettuce on individual salad plates.

Cut each slice of pineapple in two, crosswise, and lay the two halves, curved edges touching, in each plate. See, how the pineapple looks like a butterfly with outspread wings!

Now, put one stuffed prune in the very center, between the wings, to make the body of the butterfly.

Stir the dressing again and dip by spoonfuls over the pineapple slices.

Serve very cold and with it pass cheese wafers.

Another fine salad, one of the best we ever, ate is

CARROT SALAD.

You will need two fresh carrots, a small portion of cabbage, lettuce, salad oil, white vinegar, salt, paprika and green pepper. You will also need a vegetable cutter; we hope you have one of the excellent ones now on the market that cut such vegetables as carrots, beets and cabbage neatly and very finely, as vegetables so cut are more delicate for salads than those cut with a knife, by hand.

Wash the carrots and cabbage and drain.

Rub the unpeeled carrots through the cutter. There should be 1½ to 2 cupfuls, measured lightly without packing down. Put the cut carrots into a small bowl.

Rub some cabbage through the cutter, enough to make about 1 cupful. Put this into another small bowl.

Mix together ½ cupful salad oil, 4 tablespoonfuls white vinegar, 1 teaspoonful salt and pour over the carrot and cabbage, in their separate bowls, half to each.

Cover tightly and put into the refrigerator.

When ready to serve arrange nests of lettuce on individual plates.

Drain the dressing from the carrot and cabbage into a cup.

Arrange a neat pile of the carrot on the lettuce on each plate, then put some cabbage on top, dividing all the carrot and cabbage among the plates you wish to serve.

Garnish with rings cut from the green pepper and pour the salad dressing over the top.

Add one small teaspoonful of mayonnaise as a garnish.

Serve at once with thin bread and butter sandwiches.

Perhaps you would like to spend some Saturday morning in May getting up a luncheon which you can prepare all yourself and invite Mother or some friends as guests. If you do, this might be a good menu for such a party. You have had these recipes in Child Life Magazine within the last eight months.

MAY LUNCHEON

Spaghetti with Italian Sauce
Carrot Salad Ginger Muffins
Cocoa

THE PRAYING MANTIS

By MARY FRANCES SUMMERS
Assistant Curator of Art, Illinois State Museum

OF ALL the curious creatures of the insect world, the praying mantis is one of the strangest. Because of her queer shape and odd ways she has many names, among them being "Devilkin," "Rearhorse" and "Mulekiller." Her real name is given her because she folds her arms prayerfully.

She is really a useful insect because she destroys so many other insects which eat our trees and bushes. Her attitude of prayer is not at all carried out by her actions.

The gray or green mantis looks like a very cross but dressy old lady with tight waist, full skirt and puffed sleeves, (really big arms, fringed with sharp spines).

She sits quietly with folded arms until some insect comes near her. Then the arms fly open. Like a little "Jack-in-the-box" she springs erect and makes a puffing noise with her wings.

Almost anything would be startled by her tricks. Cricket, locust, butterfly or beetle, she grabs him fast in her thorny arms. After that, "it is just too bad," as you say. Mrs. Mantis is only about three inches long but seems afraid of nothing. Any nice insect will suit her for a meal.

Mr. Mantis is a little smaller and has some of his wife's ideas on diet, but indeed not all. When she gets tired of her husband she eats him too. He need not worry about old age, or frost bite. Mrs. Mantis takes care of that.

Having disposed of him nicely, she thinks about making a nest. This nest is a foamy mass on a twig, in which she lays hundreds and hundreds of eggs. The foam hardens and keeps them safe.

It is wisdom on her part to lay so many eggs, for when they hatch the youngsters are tiny and helpless at first. Every insect in the neighborhood can have a feast. But very soon the babies begin to be fierce creatures which make the others stand aside.

They take up their homes in small bushes or vines of the Virginia Creeper, where they catch small insects coming near them, until they grow strong and big enough to become real trappers of big game.

A step forward for civilization!

A GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR CHARACTER

By STARBUCK and others
Vol. I, Fairy Tale, Myth, and Legend. $2.00
Vol. II, Fiction. $2.50

HERE is the scientific, dependable guidance that you have been looking for in children's reading, the practical, useful means whereby the ideal of character training through books is made an actuality. Others have attempted to chart the land of children's books, but no one has succeeded in producing a map so clear, so accurate, so easy to use as this GUIDE compiled through years of research by Dr. Starbuck, of the Institute of Character Research, Iowa University, his assistants, and the teachers, librarians and publishers everywhere who have cooperated with him.

Referring to Volume II, just published

A FAMOUS EDUCATOR SAYS:

"This is an excellent book, one of the most useful published in years. Strong words are necessary to characterize it adequately.

"If the point of view of this one chapter (Ch. I) could be made the effectual possession of every teacher and parent in this country it would revolutionize for good most schools and most homes. *Our civilization would at once take a step forward.*

"The book list with its accompanying indexes is, I judge, the most helpful yet issued. It is a pleasure to commend it."

—DR. WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York Chicago Boston Dallas Atlanta San Francisco

We do everything but dust the grapes

We'd dust and polish each grape, too—if that could make Royal a better baking powder!

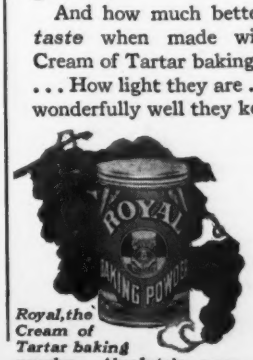
As it is—we don't see how we *can* make Royal any better. From the minute the grapes are picked . . . to the day Royal Baking Powder arrives in your kitchen . . . each ingredient that goes into Royal is carefully guarded.

And how much better foods *taste* when made with this Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . How light they are . . . How wonderfully well they keep!

2 Helpful Booklets—FREE

Royal Cook Book—360 recipes for breads, cakes, frostings, desserts, pastries, soups, sandwiches, salads — Luncheon and Supper Menus.

Making Biscuits — including master biscuit recipes with many variations that will appeal to small boys and girls. Practical suggestions for saving time, material and effort.



Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 204, 695 Washington Street, N. Y. C.

Please send me *free* the Royal booklets I have checked ☐ Royal Cook Book ☐ Making Biscuits.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Don't let them worry

. . . over their school work

WE are coming right to the school season now when children do worry most. Some are worrying about catching up, others about getting farther ahead.

And those worries are real. Don't make any mistake about that. And they are terrible, because children do not have the understanding to fall back upon. They don't tell you and they pretend not to mind, but such things leave their marks.

Right now, above all times, they should have COMPTON'S *Pictured Encyclopedia for Children.*

For Compton's is a complete encyclopedia, written and pictured for children in terms of their own understanding.

Here is where they can turn for everything that is bothering them. Here is where they can look for all the help that they need in their school work.

And the moment they have Compton's, they begin to get better marks in school, to acquire greater leadership amongst their playmates, and to lay the foundations for a greater success in later life.

Compton's is so wonderfully written and pictured that it makes all learning interesting. And children just gobble up knowledge so fast and are so happy with its help that they don't seem like the same children.

And it is not only the difference that Compton's makes now. The big difference is the one it is going to make in years to come. For Compton's inspires children to be more than they ever could be without it.

Big, Sample Pictured Section Free

We have a big, free, Sample Pictured Section waiting for you. Just mail this coupon, and you will see for yourself what Compton's is. And we will also show you how you can have it in your home, without delay, for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

Compton's *Pictured* **Encyclopedia**

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 11-39, Compton Building
1000 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me at once, without any obligation, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

GOOD CITIZEN'S LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 234*]

December Honor Roll

(Continued from last month)

Anna Honsey
Garnett Howerton
Helen Hungerford
Mary L. Ice
Edith Jennings
Andrew Johnson
Anita Johnson
Donald Johnson
Morris Johnson
Walter Johnson
Bobby Kelly
Dorothy Kelly
Kenen Kelly
Welborn Kelly
Lucille Kennemer
Beryle Kinnaman
Meredith Kirby
Charles Knudtson
Edith Knudtson
Florence Knudtson
Melburn Knudtson
Dale Kruckman
Rosalie Labrucherie
Pauline Lancaster
Ruth Lee
Virginia Lee
W. Maurice Long
Ernestine McCarty
Leroy McCarty
Mary L. McConnell
Claude March
Arthur Martin
Frances Miller
Lucile Miller
Dorothy Mills
Eva Mills
John R. Mitchell
Gilbert Modglin
Anna K. Molster
Norma Nelson
Agnes Nett
Nina Noble
Richard O'Brien
Leona O'Haver
Shirley Otto
June Pacey
Irene Parker
Cleda Phillips
Freda Phillips
George Phillips
Malcolm Phillips
Mary Phillips
Robert Phillips
Paul Potts
Helen Preble
Virginia Pryor
Jewell M. Ragan
John W. Ragan
Frank Rausch
Kathryn Reines
Frances Richardson
Robert Richardson
Josephine Riola
Margaret Rodgers
Doris Rognlien
Selma Rommert
Melvin Saffier
Joan Salt
June Sanborn
Doris Scott
Maxine Scott
Verna-Dean Scott
Aurel Seifert
Hattie Seifert
Ralph Sheridan
Joe Shunk
Nick Shunk
Everett Siedschlag
Virginia Siegel
Anna Sisseck
June Smith
Mary N. Snider
Margaret Squire
Anna Stanisich
Gale Starr
Helen Thompson
Hope Thompson
Bonnie B. Tresslar
Wilma Tresslar
Beatrice Vermilyea
Clyta Wallis
Helen Wallis
Verna N. Watson
Lucy Wayland
Dorothy Webber
Roberta Weger
Charlyne White
Helen White
Idora Williams
Katherine Williams
Winifred Wiseman
Ruth Wittwer

January Honor Roll

The following boys and girls earned twenty-five or more honor points during January:

James Allman
Charlene Babbs
Emil Bailke
Cecil Baldwin
Velvia Barrett
Vernon Baughman
Mason Bennet
Clayton Billar
Harold Braden
John Braden
Mary M. Braden
Connie Bramble
La Vern Brindamour
Lenore Brown
Otis Brown
Frances Bullock
Charles Bruce
Laura Bruce
Betty Ruth Burris
Anna M. Carey
Virginia Carlson
Edward Carson
Jerome Cholewa
Faye Clark
Fred Cochran
Gaston Cogdell
Florence Cook
Clifford Cottrill
Mary E. Cowles
Hershell Cox
Harold Coy
Lucetta Culling
Edward Czernik
Pearl Damsgard
Mattie Davis
Bessie Debord
Minnie Debord
Moweet Dockry
Evelyn M. Ellington
Dagny Erickson
Helen J. Ervin
Carrie F. Evans
Elaine Farmer
Harold Feaster
Gunnard Felberg
Garvin Fellows
Ella M. Fosfeit
Donald Frazier
Beryl Friebe
Beatrice Gandt
Herbert Gandt
Glen Gievins
Viola Goess
Barbara Gottlieb
Betty Gray
Marlyn Gudmonson
Vernon Gudmonson
Dorothy Hamilton
Raymond Hanna
Mae Harrison
Gordon Hawkins
Howard Hawkins
Nellie Hayes
Ethel Hermans
Geraldine Higgins
Albert Hoffman
James Holmes
Wesley Holtdorf
Herbert Holton
Joel Holton
Mavis Holton
Virginia Hort
Garnett Howerton
Helen Hungerford
Marion Hurff
Frances Hylton
Afton Hyre
Edith Jennings
William Jett
Donald Johnson
Jack Johnson
Morris Johnson
Margaret Johnston
Delbert Keener
Bobby Kelly
Dorothy Kelly
Welborn Kelly
Erlo Kennedy
Harry Kennedy
Jesse Kennedy
Madoline Kenner
Betty Kieweg
Jean Kieweg
Beryle Kinnaman
Joe Klemeyer
Mitchell Kmiecik
Charles Knudtson
Edith Knudtson
Florence Knutdson
Melborn Knudtson
Stephania Krata
Dale Kruckman
Rosalie Labrucherie
Josephine Lake

[*Continued on page 249*]

CHIMNEYPORT

[*Continued from page 226*]

"Whoever it was, the—the man that was choking you?"

For a moment Slim looked as stupid as Cupe. Then he laughed.

"Oh, you mean the noise? It was funny, wasn't it? Sounded funny, up and down the chimney, so. But that was only I, using a little salt and water gargle." He pointed to the tumbler beside the washbasin.

Cupe slumped weakly to the rising and falling floor. But under Slim's tender and appreciative ministrations, including a reading from the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," he soon revived and made ready for the night.

Slim turned the lantern low and hung it just outside the chimney, over the "main entrance" where it would be most hospitable. Then he, too, rolled up in his blankets and arched his back to fit the floor. But he did not sleep.

Andy and Nick and Tim and Bill had been detailed in town, doing an errand or two and trying to locate Cupe, who had mysteriously disappeared, leaving his mother charged with secrecy as to his whereabouts. So it was a full half-hour later that they made their moist way through the mowing to the old chimney.

Slim heard them coming, peeped out, then wakened Cupe.

"The enemy is approaching. I just had an idea they couldn't keep away. What shall we do to surprise them?"

"Gargle," gurgled Cupe. "That would be the best stunt. Oh, how funny it sounded! Wait till they're close up; then we'll both gargle."

But Slim and Cupe had reckoned without their visitors.

There was a sudden blaze of light outside, with a hiss and burst of noise that fairly rocked the chimney.

The boys ran to the flues, in time to see Nick toss aside a smoldering stick.

"Some of his Fourth of July

[*Continued on page 251*]

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 248]

Newfoundland to Ireland back in 1919. They left at 4:28 on June 14 and landed at 8:40 the next morning on a beautiful green field, or rather crashed, for the beautiful green field turned out to be a sticky Irish bog. Their trip was made in very foggy weather. Part of the time they were flying upside down and didn't know it until they noticed what trouble the cat was having to keep its seat.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Book of Courage... *Herman Hagedorn*
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Boys and Girls Who Became Famous *Amy Cruse*
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

Literature, Art and Mythology *Edited by Lincoln MacVeagh*
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

Playing the Game *Edited by Sarah McLean Mullen and Muriel Simpson Lanz*
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Mongrel Puppy Book.....*Cecil Aldin*
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, NEW YORK

Jane Louise's Cook Book *Louise Price Bell*
COWARD-McCANN, INC., NEW YORK

Tea Time Tales.....*Rose Fyleman*
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Around A Toadstool Table *Rowena Bastin Bennett*
THOMAS S. ROCKWELL COMPANY, CHICAGO

The Wonderful World of Make-Believe *Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer*
GEORGE SULLY AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Magic of Books *Compiled and edited by A. P. Sanford and Robert Haven Schauffler*
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

More Heroes of Modern Adventure *T. C. Bridges, H. Hessell Tiltman*
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, BOSTON

Traveling Shops.....*Dorothy Rowe*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Wild Flowers and State Flowers of North America.....*Lydia Northrop Gilbert*
GEORGE SULLY AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

Featherland.....*Etta Corbett Garson*
ROBERT M. McBRIDE, NEW YORK

The Story of the Pilgrims *Roland G. Usher*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Love Comes Riding *Collected by Helen Ferris*
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

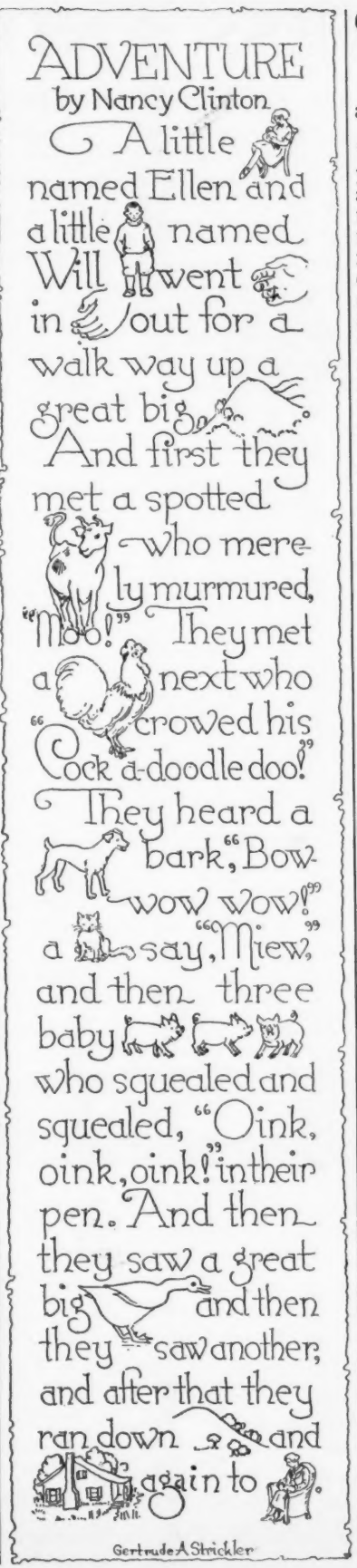
My Life With Animals....*George F. Morse*
THOMAS S. ROCKWELL COMPANY, CHICAGO

At The Sign of the Wild Horse *Louise Seymour Hasbrouck*
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Children's Poets...*Pauline Foster Ring*
RICHARD G. BADGER, BOSTON

In and Out the Garden Gate *Raymond E. Manchester*
COLLEGIATE PRESS, MENASHA, WIS.

Laddie.....*Elspeth Hardy*
THE MEMORIAL PRESS, PLYMOUTH, MASS.


ADVENTURE
by Nancy Clinton
A little named Ellen and a little named Will went in out for a walk way up a great big And first they met a spotted who merely murmured, "Moo!" They met a next who crowed his "Cock-a-doodle doo!" They heard a bark, "Bow-wow wow!" a say, "Miew," and then three baby who squealed and squealed, "Oink, oink, oink!" in their pen. And then they saw a great big and then they saw another, and after that they ran down and again to
Gertrude A Strickler

GENERAL GEORGE'S PARADE

[Continued from page 241]

answered another.

The last sign in the parade said: "Speeches in Mr. Thompson's yard." A good many mothers and fathers tagged after the parade to hear the speeches—so many that Charlie Towne, who was to make the first speech for the Sons of Veterans, got scared and merely stood up sheepishly and introduced George Washington Jones, who was to make the second speech about the signs. George wasn't really scared; he was only preternaturally solemn and dead in earnest.

"We want you to know that we are all just as patriotic as the sons of soldiers," he began, standing up as tall as he possibly could. "We love our country. If there is a war, we shall fight to defend her. We won't exactly want to, because we hate wars and killing and destroying cities and homes. But of course we'd have to defend our country—all of us, no matter where we were born, or where our fathers and mothers were—Ling and Patsy and Joe Ludosi too. We've talked it all over plenty of times. But the principal thing is, we are for peace—for courts of justice for all the nations, for treaties, for friendliness, for a United States of the world."

George stepped back into the ranks amid a rain of applause.

"I'll bet there's not a better speech made to-day," said one father loudly. "It takes brains to make a short speech and say something."

Alicia Mary leaned across two boys and poked George vigorously. He stepped forward again, and this time he was just a freckled, grinning, happy little boy. "All the school is invited to stay and have ice cream with Mrs. Thompson," he said.

There was no question now but George's Memorial Day parade was a huge success.

January Honor Roll

[Continued from page 248]

Pauline Lancaster
Genevieve Latocha
Virginia Lewis
Jeannette Libbey
Kathryne Logue
Mary Logue
Wayne Logue
Victor Longin
Edith Lowther
Virginia Lowther
Ruby McCollum
Kenneth McClure
Agnes Malaki
Robert Marshall
Arthur Martin
Marie Mastalska
Isabella Michael
Eva Mills
John R. Mitchell
Gilbert Modglin
Anna K. Molster
Eleanor Moore
Warren Moore
Iona Mosel
Genevieve Mulcahy
Ruby Murphy
Dorothy Nelson
Agnes Nett
Erma Neville
Lola Noefke
Jimmie Norman
Jean Nowell
June Pacey
Milton Palmar
Dorothy Paradis
Cleda Phillips
Freda Phillips
George Phillips
Malcolm Phillips
Mary Phillips
Robert Phillips
Betty Post

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.

HAPPY May days have arrived, filled with surprises! Mary is not so busy hanging baskets or watching for the new flowers and birds that she cannot stop and show you her new dresses—a billowy silk crepe with rows of tiny lace, a voile with quaint round yolk and perky shoulder bows, and, last, a flowered taffeta with a collar exactly like the petals on a tulip.

Wouldn't you like to go Maying in pretty frocks like these?

Pattern No. 6535—5 sizes; 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.
Pattern No. 6677—4 sizes; 1, 2, 3 and 4 years.
Pattern No. 6455—4 sizes; 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

Nazareth
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

FOR EVERY SEASON

Let your children enjoy the freedom and comfort of these French panty styles in Nazareth underwear—they do not show below outer garments.

Retailers are showing these modern Nazareth styles in a variety of fabrics and styles, at popular prices. Always look for the Nazareth label on each garment.

If your retailer cannot supply you, write us, mention his name and we will see that you are supplied.

Nazareth Waist
is the original knitted waist for boys and girls. Sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

Style LUJ
(at left)
Girls' bleached, ribbed, fine combed yarn step-in waist suit, band top, trunk leg, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Also LU button front style ribbed; combed yarn; tapes over shoulders. These two styles retail at 75 cents each.

Style 271
Boys' taped waist suit (illustrated on right), nainsook, 72 x 80 double seat, pearl buttons, trunk leg, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

Style 722
Girls' taped waist suit, nainsook, 72 x 80, pearl buttons, trunk leg, rayon trim, double seat, sizes 2/3 to 12/13. Retails at 50 cents.

Catalog sent on Request

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
Dept. L
366 Broadway, New York
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

CHIMNEYPORT

[*Continued from page 248*]

rockets!" Cupe exclaimed in a whisper. "But he isn't going to waste another. They're going to rush us. Come on, now! Gargle!"

But before the gargling chorus could commence, Slim's keen ear had caught another sound. He listened a moment. Then he leaned out the porthole, turned up his lantern and slid down the ladder. The boys greeted him with a wild, "Boo!" but he silenced them quickly.

"Come and listen."

They followed him. It was unmistakable. There was an airplane up there in the darkness somewhere—an airplane with a motor that limped, that fairly hobbled, that roared, one moment, then skipped, then choked and coughed.

"Quick! Your rockets, Andy! And your flares! Got any? Here's a match. We'll light him down, that's what. This is the best landing-field in forty miles, except the Whipple Meadow, and there's more room here. That boy's in luck, if he's only got sense enough to know it."

Before Slim finished speaking, Andy had sent another rocket squealing and hissing into the air. It burst with a loud report and a great shower of sparks that lighted the old chimney and the meadow for a fraction of a minute.

By that time Nick had set up a blue flare in the grass, and Cupe hurried with another to illumine the opposite side of the chimney. Tim was busy with a Roman candle in each hand. Bill, never so wide awake in his life, touched the fuse of a third rocket.

In the light of it they saw, hardly a hundred feet above them, a beautiful great bird of an airplane. For a moment she was lost in the darkness again, her engine still sobbing and hiccoughing.

Could she, would she, make it without stubbing her nose?

[*Part III of "Chimneyport" will appear in the June issue of CHILD LIFE.*]

THE TRADE MERREMAKER MARK
Home Playground Equipment

Healthful Exercise and Glorious Fun

BOYS and girls of all ages have loads of fun in healthful, outdoor play with a Merremaker Home Playground. It keeps them happy and satisfied to play right at home, safe from the dangerous street traffic. Furnishes the muscle-building exercise they need to make them grow up into sturdy, healthy children. Approved by doctors, civic leaders and parents the country over. Thousands and thousands in use.

Exceptionally Low Prices

Merremaker Home Playground Equipment includes slides, teeter-totters, gyms, merry-go-rounds, whirls and many other forms of play children like. New, low prices bring it within the reach of everyone. Beautiful, four colored illustrated catalog describing the entire line and new low price list will be sent free. Send coupon below.

This Beautiful Catalog FREE

Merremaker Corporation
746 Eighth Street S. E.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me your Free complete catalog, new low price list and name of nearest Merremaker dealer.

Name .....
Address .....
City & State } .....C L-5-30

Whoa!

How boys and girls do enjoy ranch life!

Dad and Mother—don't send your children to Montana or Wyoming and ever expect to get them back the same—they'll be different—healthier, clearer-eyed, stronger, broader-minded, cleaner and happier.

A Dude Ranch

vacation is just the outing for the whole family.

If you're interested, we'll send you a Ranch booklet and more information. Use the coupon.

E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager
236 Northern Pacific Railway
St. Paul, Minn.

I am interested in a Dude Ranch Vacation.

Name.....

Address.....

If student, state grade..... 'Phone.....

643

NORTHERN PACIFIC
North Coast Limited — All-Pullman Train

Joy Givers' Club

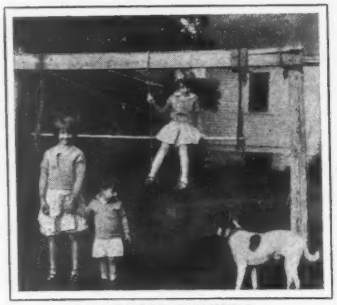
FOG AT THE AIRPORT

Through the blanket of the fog
That hides the moon from sight,
Sweeping the black dome of the sky,
A beacon sheds its light.

The giant planes of sturdy steel,
Like eagles in a nest,
In stillness lie upon the ground,
Monsters great at rest.

But then the motor's mighty roar,
Like thunder in the gale,
And through the fog the aeroplane
Soars onward with the mail.

HENRY W. RAGO,
Chicago, Ill.



HARRIET DANIELS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was born in China. Our home was in Nanking. We had a Chinese nurse, cook and servant. We had an American school. Sometimes when I had toys I didn't want I took them over to the hospital and gave them to the Chinese children who were there. There were many other American people out there.

There was a lovely garden in the front yard. There was a wall around the front and back yards. Lots of times I walked on the wall. When it rained we had to go in a ricksha pulled by a coolie. Some of the Chinese people were very kind. When we went to the mountains in the summer, we went on a boat for two days and one night. Then we went across the plains in an automobile, until we got to the place where they kept the mountain chairs, and the coolies carried us up the mountain. Sometimes I went to the rock at the top of the mountain. It was only a few feet from the top of the mountain to our house. There were very few places that one could swim. One summer we took some friends along with us and they bought a dog. His name was Scamp.

Half of the time my father has to go back to Nanking to work, because he's a doctor. One time when he was there I learned to do two things—they were to whistle and climb a tree. He was very much surprised when he found out. The last time he was there there was a war, and the women and children were ordered to get on a gun boat. But the men were told to stay.

We have a big yard, with a slide, a swing, a teeter-totter and several trees. I did this typewriting myself. This is a picture of my sister, little brother and me.

Your Child Life reader,

HARRIET L. DANIELS,
Age 9. Minneapolis, Minn.

E-Z UNDERWEAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Style EZ/14

Trunk Length Summer Union Suits of Knit Fabric which will not show below abbreviated clothes are now universally worn by smartly dressed children.

E-Z summerweight suits are healthy because the fabric is absorbent, comfortable because it is elastic, cool because of its light weight.

Ask for styles EZ/14 for boys and EZ/13 for girls. If your dealer hasn't these styles, write us for name of store where you can get them.

E-Z MILLS, Inc. 57 Worth St., N.Y.C.
Makers of E-Z Underwear

Style EZ/13

E-Z MILLS INC.
57 Worth St.
NEW YORK

IVER JOHNSON

VELOCIPEDES

AND

JUNIORCYCLES

(SIDEWALK CYCLES)

Parents prefer them to all others because they are the safest, strongest and do not overtax the strength of young children.

Beautiful in design and finish.

The velocipedes have large tires and rubber buffers over the rear wheel axle nuts, preventing damage to furnishings when ridden indoors.

VELOCIPEDES

4 Sizes with Red, Blue or Golden Enamel Finish. White DUCO Head $12.50 to $18.00.

JUNIORCYCLES

Drop Frame or Diamond Frame. Finish same as Velocipedes $25.00

Any Iver Johnson Agent will show you these superior cycles. Send for illustrated Catalog C.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
10 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 151 Chambers Street
Chicago: 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco: 717 Market Street

ONE DAY IN THE WOODS

The birds were singing sweetly,
Singing in the tree,
As gaily through the woodland,
We skipped so merrily.

Flowers in the forest,
Pebbles in the stream
Were so very fairy-like
Just as in a dream.

Tiny fairies dancing
Round their Fairy Queen,
Some were dressed in violet,
Some were dressed in green.

JEAN ELIZABETH GRAVES,
Age 10. Stroudsburg, Pa.

BIRDIES AT HOME

Rather late in the season Mother and Daddy came home from a trip and brought me a most delightful wren house. We all thought the little birds would not visit us this year, but within a week a Papa and Mamma Wren came and talked it over with us.

You see this little house hung right outside our sun porch at the cottage and we could watch all the goings-on. We were away on a little vacation and when we came back one week later we were surprised to see they had a family of little ones.

We watched the mother wren carry soft pieces of food, twigs, string and grass to make her home more comfortable. After days of coaxing, the little birds were finally brave enough to fly about. One day we asked Daddy to take a peek in the door and see what they were doing and just as he had his eye about six inches from the hole, out flew the Mother Wren and scared Daddy out of his wits. He won't ever try that again.

We took the little house down and cleaned it all out nice for the new family that will arrive this spring.

MARY MARGARET HOWARD,
Age 9. Ionia, Mich.

RUBY JEAN McEVAN

MY BEST FRIEND

I like to sit and read a book
In some quiet shady nook.
"Child Life" is my best friend,
I read it through from end to end.

RUBY JEAN McEVAN,
Elgin, Ill.

THE ROOSTER

I know a little rooster,
That hops upon a tree.
He never eats, he never eats
But only talks to me.

CLARE CASE,
Logansport, Ind.

When Fathers are Doctors . .

baby things are given safe Lux care

WHEN fathers are doctors, every bit of baby's routine is planned in the most *scientific* way.

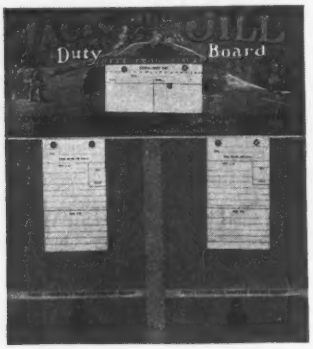
Take the question of washing woolens and diapers and the rest of baby's things. Doctors know how important it is to use the very purest, finest soap there is! To quote a well-known child specialist—"Strong soaps allowed to remain in the garment, often cause severe eruptions."

Knowing this, just which soap do doctors prescribe for cleansing their own babies' things?

We asked scores of doctors' wives . . . 91% answered, "We use Lux."

Lux is made of the very purest materials known . . . contains not the least trace of the harmful, irritating alkali found in so many soaps . . . is soothing and gentle and bland.

Just a dip in the instant, sparkling Lux bubbles—no rubbing—and baby woolens are soft and downy as new. Diapers sweetly, safely clean!



Jack and Jill Duty Boards

"Jack!" said Jill. "Isn't this a wonderful board Mother and Daddy have given us?"

"Gee!" said Jack. "We can easily do these small jobs that Mother and Dad want and we can do many others. And—look—at the top slip. See how much money we can earn! 'Sweep the Porch—15c.' That's easy."

Teach correct habits to your children with this new invention by a Mother.

The cost is only $1.00 and if, after you examine it and explain it to daddy and the kiddies, you wish to return it we will return your money plus the cost of return postage.

JACK & JILL TIME UTILIZER COMPANY
1906 Times Building
New York, N. Y.

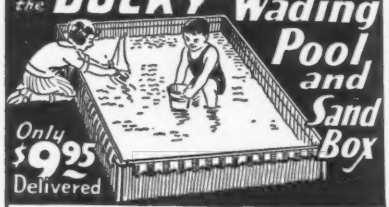
Send the Duty Board—on your promise to return my $1.00 if I return the Board.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Outdoor Fun for the Children With the DUCKY Wading Pool and Sand Box



NOTHING like the DUCKY to keep the youngsters happy and contented in the health giving Sunshine. Easy to set up anywhere in your yard, handy to take along on outings. Fill with hose or pail. When empty it makes an ideal Sand Beach or Play Room.

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF. The Le Roy DUCKY is made in *one-piece* heavy canvas, decorated with a green and white striped scallop overlay, size 4x5 feet; 12 inches high; sectional metal frame; packed complete in carton.

SEND NO MONEY—Pay only $9.95 on delivery. We prepay express charges. Order now and give the children an entire summer's health benefit. A free catalog if you wish it.

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3601 Gravois Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

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AT THE CIRCUS

I went to the circus the other day,
I saw an elephant make a pot out of clay,
I saw a monkey hang on a bar,
I saw another smoke a cigar!

I saw a tiger in a cage,
A hippopotamus took the stage,
A clown came up with a little pup,
The hippopotamus followed them up!

I saw some ponies run a race,
One fellow landed in the wrong place,
Another man all full of dents,
Went so fast he went over the fence!

FRANKLIN EATON,
Age 8. Bangor, Maine.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE

One night on the boat there was a party. I put on my funny mask when Prince George came into the room, and he looked at me so queerly. I threw two streamers at the Prince, but he didn't throw any at me; he seemed quite bashful.

On the way from Cherbourg to Paris, we saw houses with moss all over them, and many old houses with tiled roofs. We went under loads and loads of tunnels near the towns. The people in the towns had great big thick shoes that went, "Clump, clump," when they ran.

On our first Sunday in Paris, our chauffeur took us for a ride. First, we went through the Bois de Boulogne. It is just a great big forest, and you can't see the end of it. We saw Longchamps, the biggest race track in the world. Next came Auteuil, the track where they have steeple-chases. Then we saw an old, old, old mill. It almost fell down one time, but they have it propped up with sticks. It is very interesting.

One day we went to Chantilly. There was a moat around the palace. People were skating and having lots and lots of fun. There was a drawbridge just like the one in "Robin Hood." We fed the peacocks, but we did not go through the palace, for the caretaker told us it was always closed from October until April.

In St. Moritz, I went skating and skiing every day. One afternoon I went home, got dressed and went downstairs. I was watching the dancing at teatime when a lady said, "You like to dance, don't you?" I said, "Yes." And she beckoned to a boy to come over. He asked me to dance. He was Turkish and he could speak three languages—English, French, and Turkish. It was fun to hear him talk Turkish.

At Avignon, we went to the Popes' palace. We found an English-speaking guide who took us through all the secret passageways. There was one secret passage leading from the Pope's bedroom which had just been found. You see, when Napoleon used this building for barracks, he had lots of the entrances and decorations walled up and whitewashed over. They are just beginning now to restore it. In ten or fifteen years, it will probably be more nearly the way it was when the Popes lived there.

CYNTHIA SHIELDS,
Dellwood, White Bear, Minn.

Notice to Joy Givers

Original contributions intended for the Joy Givers' Department of the August issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than May 31. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as interesting letters. The best of these contributions will be selected and published.

6000 Children Go to School at Home

EVERY DAY in the pleasant shelter of their own homes a small city of children study the Calvert way.

Based on 32 years of child study in the famed Calvert Day School in Baltimore, Calvert Courses, from Kindergarten to High School, effectively appeal to the child in terms he enjoys. You need no teaching experience to give them. A Calvert teacher in Baltimore directs and grades the work.

Calvert Courses bring modern methods to you no matter where you live. Missionaries, parents in diplomatic service, etc., find their children thoroughly prepare for our best preparatory schools *in six years.*

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OUTFLEW ALL OTHERS!

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Safe Celebrators

The Conestoga Corporation

***Main Office and Factory*, Bethlehem, Pa., U. S. A.**

6F—Light Field Gun, Length 9 inches, Price $1.50

DOLLY IS GOING TO BE SURPRISED !

IT looks like Ruth's little Dolly is going to be taken out and sure enough she is... some place where she will see bears and elephants and monkeys. You'd like to know all about it, wouldn't you? And won't it be fun to color all these pretty clothes with CRAYOLA? Ask your mamma to send the coupon below and only 25¢ and in a few days you will receive this picture (only much bigger) and nine more all with stories to color and then you can make a story-book of them. Mother—you can get CRAYOLA at any stationery or department store.

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Enclosed is 25¢ for "Ten Stories To Color".

Name.....

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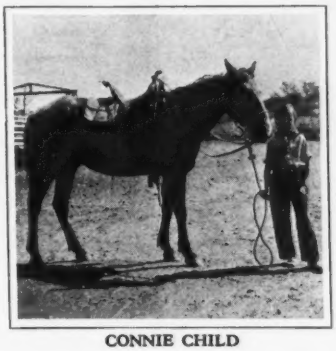
CRAYOLA

THE BLUEBIRD

A glimpse of blended cloud and sky,
A liquid song just floating by,
Was all I saw, was all I heard.
But 'twas enough, enough, Bluebird!

MARGARET LOUISE LEE,
Age 10 Kansas City, Mo.



CONNIE CHILD

Dear Miss Waldo:

I will tell you about an adventure I had the summer before last, out west in the wild country.

One day the boys and girls out west decided to have a treasure hunt out-of-doors, on horseback. We all could hardly wait for the time to come. Finally it did, so we started off. The boy I was with and I had a very hard time trying to find out what the notes meant but we presently did. One of the notes said to go back to the ranch, so we did. We found that we were way ahead of the others. We finally won and we got the prize of one and a half dollars each. I bought a pretty pin with mine and I wear it very often.

I guess that is all I have to say.

Love,

CONNIE CHILD,
Southern Pines, N. C.

SARAH CLARK

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending a picture of my sister and me, taken up at Radium Hot Springs. We spent a week up there one year. This picture was taken by the cage of two bear cubs. The person with the cross is me.

One day we went down to visit the bears, and the keeper had let them out to run around. One of them saw a bag I had in my hand and came after it. I passed it to my sister. The bear went after her, and she passed it to our other friend. Then to our relief the keeper came to our rescue.

With best wishes,

SARAH CLARK,
Wycliffe, B. C., Can.

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A HAPPY collection of pegs, pegboard, laying sticks and parquetry blocks in a variety of interesting shapes and colors in a decorated wood kit, for the pre-school child. One of the instructive, entertaining, PLAYSKOOL Institute Products — founded on the fundamental Playskool idea — "Learning While Playing."

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This kuddle kat
Seems not so fat
But fill her full
Of rags or wool—
then.

Children Sleep With Kuddle Kat

"SH-H-H", says mother, as she tucks her baby in bed. "Don't wake your Kuddle Kat. She's fast asleep!"... And baby, hugging her Kuddle Kat, is soon fast asleep too. Summer or winter, bed-time is a willing time when children have an Amico animal for a bed-fellow. How they love their Perky Pup, their Kuddle Kat, and Mr. L. E. Phant!

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Enclosed find 25c for the Kuddle Kat ☐: Perky Pup ☐: L. E. Phant ☐: or 75c for the whole family ☐.

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Health-building, natural sweets for children!
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10 lbs. Calimyrna (white) FIGS . $3.25 prepaid
10 lbs. Mission (black) FIGS . . . 3.25 "
10 lbs Santa Clara PRUNES . . . 3.25 "
or 5 lbs. each of ANY TWO of above 3.25 "
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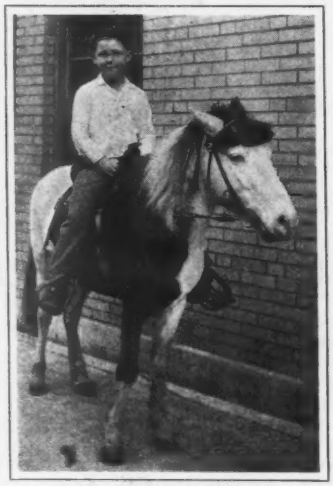
Dear Miss Waldo:

I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I am inclosing a picture of myself and Shetland pony. I used to live in Iowa. I liked it very much. Then we moved to Chicago. We have lived here almost a year.

Your friend,

ROBERT WOODFORD,
Age 9. Chicago, Ill.



ROBERT WOODFORD

Dear Miss Waldo:

Two summers ago I went to an animal farm. I saw lots of different animals. In the aquarium I saw all sorts of goldfish and turtles and lizards. There were baby ostriches running all over the farm. In the pond with the swans and the ducks there were camels cooling themselves off. I saw an eagle which was being trained to go with Byrd to the South Pole. I saw some baby bears and monkeys and lions and elephants. There were places for children to ride on ponies and there was ice cream.

Sincerely yours,

STEPHEN G. MAY,
Age 7. Manchester, N. H.

PHILLIP HARTZELL

MY MOTHER

My mother is as sweet as pie,
She has a little twinkle in her eye.
There is a freckle on her nose,
And when she smiles a dimple shows!

LAURA LEWIS CUMMING,
Age 7. Griffin, Ga.

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SPRING

'Tis now that pussy willows show,
Their fuzzy little heads,
And little flowers awake,
In their cozy beds.

The robins and the bluebirds
Are beginning to sing,
And their sweet songs,
Make the forests ring.

The sun is shining brightly,
And leaves are on the trees,
The butterflies are flitting,
For signs of spring are these.

BLANCHE GREEN,
Age 11. Belmore, Ohio.

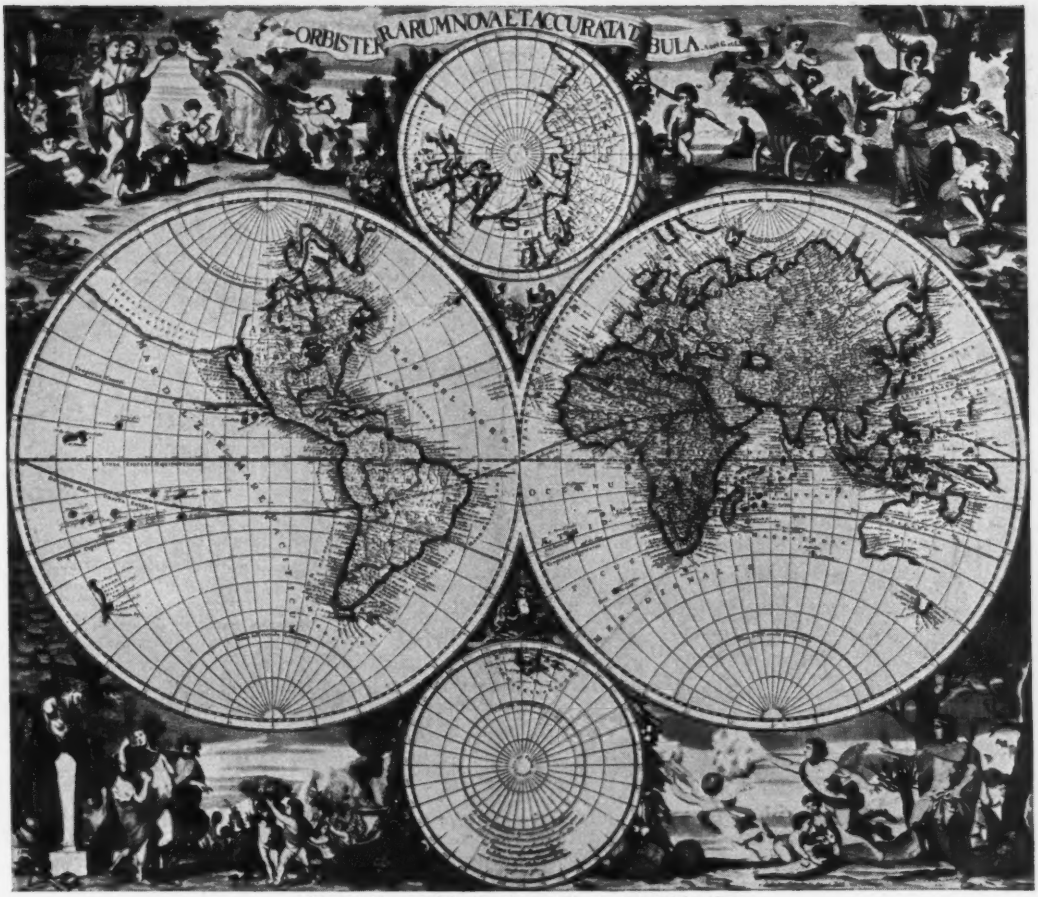
OUR TREE HOUSE

Our tree house by the river side
Is a favored place to play and hide
In spring or summer, winter, fall
We like our tree house, strong and tall.

We built steps leading to the top,
Which in the leafy branches stop;
It leans out o'er the river's brink,
Where thrush and bluebird come to drink.

We climb into the branches high
And swing between the earth and sky;
We listen to the stream's soft flow
And to the green leaves whispering low.

JANET GORRELL,
Age 11. Winamac, Ind.



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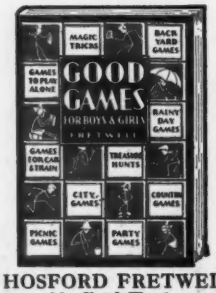

By JEAN HOSFORD FRETWELL
Illustrated by Keith Ward

"... The author merits not only the thanks of children for helping to enrich their play, but also the praise of adults who wish children well."

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